The Nation

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The Week

President Wilson not only read his first annual message in person, but made it one that could be read. This is not merely a question of style, but of length. Compared with the messages of Taft and Roosevelt, Mr. Wilson has revised his downward by fully 75 per cent. This he has accomplished by leaving out the customary long reports on the various operations of the Government—reports which will be separately submitted to Congress and printed—and concentrating attention upon a few topics, such as our relations with Mexico, the establishment of a system of rural credits, and amendments to the Anti-Trust law.

In all the points mentioned the President followed his known policies. The only surprise of the message is what may be called the political part of it. He urges legislation to bring about an entirely new and uniform method of nominating candidates for the Presidency. This is by direct primary elections throughout the entire country, the National Conventions to be abolished, except for the purpose of framing party platforms; and even then the Conventions would be composed, not of delegates elected for the purpose, but of the party nominees for the Presidency and for Congress. In a word, the President would have the nation adopt what is virtually the system in States like Wisconsin and New Jersey. He gives no hint of the way in which Congress could attack the problem; cites no Constitutional warrant for his recommendation; refers to none of the enormous difficulties, both theoretical and practical, which would obviously have to be surmounted. One thing, however, is certain. Congress and the country will not dispose of this highly contentious subject so lightly as the President appears to be ready to do.

When our income-tax law was first drafted, with the flat exemption of $4,000, it was estimated that the number of persons subject to the tax would be about 450,000. It is interesting to compare with this the following estimate of French incomes quoted by the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*:

Persons having an income of over	
£200,000 a year	20
£40,000 a year	85
£20,000 a year	360
£4,000 a year	3,400
£2,000 a year	9,800
£1,000 a year	51,000
£400 a year	123,000
£200 a year	294,000
£40 a year	8,000,000

This shows somewhat less than 65,000 persons with incomes above $5,000; and interpolated between that limit and the one next below it, we find approximately 100,000 persons with incomes above $4,000. At this rate, allowing for difference of population, the number in the United States would be about 250,000 instead of the estimated 450,000, indicating the greater abundance of good-sized incomes here. But the difference is far more striking when we go lower down; for out of the eight and a half million incomes in France—that is, roughly speaking, the eight and a half million families—eight million fall below a thousand dollars a year. At that rate, there would be only one and a quarter million incomes in the United States exceeding a thousand dollars a year.

Secretary Daniels's first report is hailed as showing that he is "no one-battleship man." Nothing less than two will satisfy him. To such a narrow line has the space between the advocates of an "adequate" navy and the disarmament fanatics been reduced! But it is not this feature of the document that will receive most attention. Even the members of the General Board are frank to recognize "the futility of hoping or expecting that the ships and men its policy calls for will be provided." It is the idea of a "naval holiday" that will have the strongest appeal for the nation. Ten years ago, Mr. Daniels points out, our largest battleship cost $5,000,000; the next Dreadnought will cost $14,000,000. "When," he asks, "is this accelerating expenditure to be reduced?" Accordingly, while heartily endorsing Winston Churchill's suggestion of a vacation of one year in battleship-building, he goes a step further by recommending the calling of a world conference to discuss the matter and see whether the nations "cannot agree upon a plan for lessening the cost of preparation for war." His desire that the United States should take the initiative in the assembling of such a conference will be widely seconded.

For a new party, innocent of the wiles of politics, Illinois Progressives must be granted to be rapid learners. Gov. Dunne, having some "minority patronage" at his disposal, informed the Progressive leaders of just what offices he had set aside for them and their followers, and left it to these leaders to do the "allotting." Were they upset by this strange offer? Not in the least. A few conferences, and the thing was done in a way that could not have been improved upon by the Old Guard. It is true that one little rift remains unclosed. When the offices in question had been placed upon the table, there were strong hopes that everybody would give his endorsement to Mr. Funk, Progressive candidate for Governor last year, for the Public Utilities Commission "plum." It is a good office, and Mr. Funk has fought hard for the party. But for some months Mr. McCormick has not spoken to Mr. Funk, and the other leaders hardly felt like going ahead and giving him the post without McCormick's assent. So the progress of Mr. Funk—to office—halts. The whole affair, however, is reassuring as showing the ability of the Progressives to take their eyes off their lofty ideals long enough to fasten them upon mundane objects.

A period of thirteen days was enough to give Louisiana a revised Constitution. The substance of the amendments is not of much interest outside of that State, the principal one being due to the necessity of improving the State's financial condition. The circumstances of the revision, on the contrary, are of unusual interest. At a special election, held on the last Tuesday in October, the voters empowered delegates to adopt amendments upon two matters, these being named in the act of the Legislature providing for the election and for the Convention. The Convention, however,

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proceeded to frame and adopt several amendments dealing with other subjects, including an anti-Trust ordinance. This action would not be particularly serious if, as is usual in the case of amendments to a State Constitution, the people had the final word upon it. In the present instance, however, the will of the Convention is absolute. The amendments went into effect the moment they were signed by the delegates, and popular opposition to any of them is limited to protest or possibly to appeal to the State Supreme Court upon the ground that the Convention exceeded its authority.

Commission government came in like a flood on Monday, when 23 third-class Pennsylvania cities, of from 5,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, assumed a modified form of it. Mayor and Council were supplanted by five commissioners, one of whom is elected as chief executive, the others as departmental heads. The Pennsylvania Constitution requires the Legislature to include all the cities of a class in any change in city government. The way towards the present innovation was paved last year by a bill which reduced the councilmen of second-class cities to nine, of whom three should be elected on a general ticket. The need of some kind of reform, moreover, has been demonstrated in the recent mismanagement of funds in certain cities, while there has been a general feeling that the old plan was inefficient. But considering the mixed results with which cities have voted on the commission form in other States, Pennsylvania may think herself lucky that under her law she has not spent the autumn watching a determined majority drag a protesting minority into line.

The issue on which Mayor Shank of Indianapolis has resigned office is one that rises above the level of a picturesque career of the kind that delights the writer of newspaper squibs. Hitherto Mr. Shank has indulged in comparatively harmless pranks in which the friend of the people and the mountebank were sometimes indistinguishable. But when it comes to the Mayor of a city taking sides in a street-car strike to the point of announcing that he would not afford protection to traffic against violence on the part of the strikers, the situation has nothing of the picturesque in it. If the head of a municipality deliberately fails in the first duty of any chief of government, to preserve public order and afford protection to the citizen, he must step out of office. Even the volatile Mr. Shank is aware of this.

While John P. White, president of the United Mine Workers of America, and other officers of that association are on trial in West Virginia, indictments have been found against them by a Federal grand jury in Colorado. They are charged in the Colorado indictments either with attempted monopoly or with conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce; and the West Virginia indictments, found several months ago, were likewise for offences against the Anti-Trust law. This has a special interest owing to the concern with which President Wilson's action in signing the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, in spite of its peculiar rider concerning labor unions and farmers' associations, was so widely regarded. Whether these actions against labor-union heads were instituted by the respective local United States District Attorneys with or without consultation with the Department of Justice at Washington, their prosecution is calculated to set at rest any doubts that may have been entertained as to the President's purpose strictly to live up to the declaration he made in signing the Sundry Civil bill.

Comment in the press on the recent meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters at Chicago would indicate that we are not *yet* prepared for an academy of "immortals." But every recurrent December makes it plain that in one field there is, indeed, pressing need for some recognized authority to lay down rules and award honors. The present methods of picking an All-American eleven are arbitrary, uncodified, and productive of much geographical and academic heartburning. The West has long chafed under the arrogance of Eastern exclusiveness, and has gone in for an All-Transalleghanian eleven of its own. Even within the restricted area of the Atlantic seaboard the Thomas Aquinases of football have been having a dreadful time. They are swamped by the wealth of material. They have resorted to the expedient of picking first, second, and third All-American teams, substitute teams, defence teams, and attacking teams, and in many other ways have shown that their courage is not equal to their enormous task. The time for one-man authority in this important sphere has gone. We need a National Academy with headquarters at Washington and officially delegated power to select the champion eleven and bestow honors in drop-kicking, punting, tackling, and bucking the line. We look to see the idea incorporated in the 1916 Bull Moose platform.

Not often does one find in the day's news a more pleasing item than that which came from Philadelphia on Tuesday in regard to the Glenriddell manuscripts of Burns. Here is a rare case of "all's well that ends well"; the conclusion of the affair is as delightful as its beginning was unpleasant. The sale of the precious relics by the Liverpool Athenæum was—in our opinion justly—regarded as something very like a breach of trust on the part of the directors of that institution; and, apart from this aspect of the matter, Scotchmen, and lovers of Burns generally, were indignant that the books, if they left their old repository, should go to a private individual across the Atlantic who happened to covet them and was able to pay for them. Now it turns out that they have fallen into worthy hands, for Mr. Gribbel, the ultimate purchaser, announced at the dinner of the St. Andrew's Society at Philadelphia that he was arranging to restore them to the land of their birth. Few such restorations have been received with such a thrill of genuine pleasure and gratitude as will greet Mr. Gribbel's announcement, frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's.

The story of the construction of the cathedral on Morningside Heights in this city bids fair to fall in with the tradition of church-building in Europe. We have the comparatively leisurely pace at which the work is carried on; not quite so deliberate as Cologne or Milan, to be sure, but sober enough for our electric age. It must be close to twenty years since ground was broken on Morningside Drive, and we are still far from the completed structure. Traditional, too, is the change in architect and plans during the course of the

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work. In mediæval Europe such changes were inevitable as one generation of constructors succeeded another and put its own ideas and personality into the fabric. Perhaps it is well that a great ecclesiastical monument should embody the doubts, the hesitations, and the changes of mind of men as well as their aspirations and their faith. Rather novel is the decision of the trustees to submit the alternative plans for the completion of the cathedral to the adjudication of the public; but the idea is not entirely new. On a small scale it has been followed in France, where statues and memorials have sometimes been set up on probation.

Newspaper men have no reason to complain of the way they are treated by college professors. There are still plenty of academics to whom "newspaper English" is a synonym for slovenliness, prolixity, and violence; and it would be too much to expect that the "highbrow" element should surrender without a struggle. On the other hand, the number of college instructors in English who are setting up the newspaper ideal for their students is growing mightily. What more could the reporter ask than this tribute from a member of the Iowa State College faculty?

> With all its faults I still believe in the news style as the most efficient style of this modern day for presenting information through the written word. It has been hammered out in the heat and stress of newspaper work to meet the demands of millions for something to compel their attention, interest them, and give them information in the quickest, clearest way. . . . The news sense, the ability to see what is new, and its new meaning to the great world of humanity, is necessary to men in every field of endeavor, but especially to men who write.

Newspaper English at its best has the qualities that its enthusiastic admirers claim for it—vigor, concreteness, directness, and that demand on the attention which comes from dealing with the living facts of a vital, contemporary world. Yet this is no more than to say that a stirring message usually compels fit expression. But newspapers are not always delivering vital messages; yet they are bound to go on the assumption that every day is Armageddon. Then one gets newspaper English at its worst. Let a battle be fought in Mexico, with the attention of a continent hanging upon the issue, and the reporter will rise to his opportunity. But when no battles are fought, when no crises are reaching their climax, what comes out from Mexico? Columns upon columns of vague conjecture, if not worse; of irrelevant facts; of rumors magnified and multiplied, and all this vague matter diluted with repetition, prolixity, tautology, pleonasm, and all the other ills against which the rhetoric textbooks warn us.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's espousal at Hamilton of free food as a campaign issue has been long foreshadowed, and is shrewdly calculated to appeal to both the St. Lawrence and the prairie provinces. That it does so on different and slightly contradictory grounds will probably be lost sight of in a general glorification of the principle of low tariff rates. To Manitoba and Saskatchewan Sir Wilfrid can promise that a free-wheat measure, operating through the reciprocity agreement with the United States, will throw open the great American market to Canadian growers. Just how this access to a new and higher market will lower the price of flour in Ontario and Quebec it is not easy to see. But it would at least equalize prices, and might destroy the growing monopoly of the Canadian Pacific in wheat shipments, which has been a main factor in the high cost of food stuffs in the East. In the fact that since the passage of the Underwood tariff Canadian meats and dairy products have risen greatly, and are actually sold for less across the border than at home, the Liberals have a powerful appeal for demolishing the tariff wall. Nor is their stand unpatriotic, for they contemplate new preferential rates to England in woollen and cotton fabrics, of no less advantage to Manchester and Birmingham than to their own consumers. But in essence a victory for the Laurier platform will virtually accomplish what the Reciprocity bill of 1911 attempted.

French railways, too, have need of "safety first" provisions, even if their lack of them does not result so disastrously as does ours. There is a familiar ring about the report upon the recent Melun wreck: "The engine-driver ran past three signals set clearly against him." As for steel carriages, it may be doubted if France has so much as heard of them. Yet the schedules are not slow. There is one train on the Northern Railway that has a run of a hundred miles in a hundred minutes, and makes it. The locomotives used on the French railways are more complicated than ours, and hence require closer attention from the driver, who is accordingly left with too little time to watch the track. Here are exemplified our own favorite faults of speed and economy, for it is the super-heaters and the steam-saving devices that have done much to make the engine engross the driver's mind. Suggestions are not wanting for meeting the dangers created or increased by this more rapid travel. In addition to the block system of signals now in use, audible signals for the engineer's benefit are sought for. It is interesting to note, however, that the French railway managers do not seem greatly disturbed over the imperfections of such audible signals as are already employed, since they look with distrust upon anything that tends to reduce the vigilance of the driver and thus renders him less of a man and more of an automaton.

Ex-Chancellor von Bülow's warning to his countrymen against French designs upon Alsace-Lorraine finds pertinent comment in the outbreak of something like open warfare between the inhabitants of Zabern, in Alsace, and the German garrison. If anything is likely to nurture the spirit of *revanche* in the hearts of the French people it is precisely such extraordinary exhibitions of militarist arrogance as have brought on the disorders at Zabern and have aroused resentment in the Reichstag, a body which, in spite of its large Socialist membership, is not inclined to be any too harsh on the Fatherland's army. The spirit of toleration in dealing with a conquered people which the case of Great Britain has shown again and again to be the safest means of fostering loyalty, still seems foreign to German methods of government. Arbitrary oppression of citizens by the military does more to foster the anti-German feeling in the conquered provinces than all the fulminations of French patriots. And so long as the anti-German spirit is alive in Alsace, the hot-heads across the frontier will make good use of it.

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"RECALL" OF THE IVES DECISION.

Figures of the vote at the last election in New York State on the Constitutional amendments have been coming in very slowly, but they leave no room to doubt that Amendment Number Two has been ratified by a heavy majority. This result was a foregone conclusion. There was virtually no opposition. The amendment removes all limitations which the New York Constitution might otherwise be construed to place upon the power of the Legislature to enact laws for the protection of the lives or safety of employees or for any desired system of workmen's compensation for injuries or death. Yet this highly important amendment was not only passed by two successive Legislatures, with very little difficulty, but went to the people with the explicit endorsement even of newspapers of the most extreme "capitalistic" type.

The decision of the Court of Appeals in the Ives case, pronouncing unconstitutional the workmen's compensation act drawn by the Wainwright Commission, was the occasion for this amendment of the State Constitution. In the opinion of some excellent lawyers, that decision was an instance of that extreme interpretation of Constitutional restraints which for a long time was prevalent among our courts, though it is now in a fair way to disappear altogether, and is in distinct contrast to the spirit shown for some years past by the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court has unanimously upheld an employers' liability act whose constitutionality had been disputed on essentially the same grounds as those asserted in the Ives case; and in a number of decisions concerning the scope of the police power it has laid down doctrines based upon liberal interpretation.

This Ives decision has furnished no end of capital to Mr. Roosevelt and his followers. They have pointed to it as showing the urgent need of his scheme for the recall, or reversal, of judicial decisions by popular vote. Now the object has been accomplished, not only with great ease, but with great promptness, while leaving the functions of the judiciary unimpaired; yet there is no telling but the Rooseveltians may regard this not as a disproof, but as a vindication, of their position. "It is true," they may say, "that you have found it easy to amend the Constitution, while we have been talking as though it were next to impossible; but wouldn't our way have been much better? Why not just set aside the objection to the particular law you want, instead of going to the length of amending the Constitution itself? If the Court was wrong in its interpretation, would it not be best simply to reject this in the specific instance, and let the future take care of itself?"

The plea is not without plausibility. But there is a fundamental and fatal objection to it. The process of popular appeal upon specific decisions cannot possibly be limited to cases in which the Court's interpretation of the Constitution is "wrong." It is bound to work out in practice as simply a vote on the disputed legislative measure; and, however sound and wise may have been the decision of the Court as a matter of Constitutional interpretation, the people would vote it down if they wished the measure enacted. Indeed, the Colonel, in his most recent statement of the recall-of-decisions project, drops the Constitutional element completely, the question to be put to the people being simply whether the law in controversy shall stand or not. It is a tenable position that we should be better off without any written Constitution; it is a tenable position that, even with a written Constitution, the judiciary should have no power to declare laws unconstitutional. But to have a written Constitution, and to give the courts the power to pass upon the validity of a law under it, and then to permit Constitution and judicial decision alike to be reduced to so much waste paper whenever a popular majority desires to have its way in spite of them, is a palpable absurdity.

One feature of our judicial system which is clearly in need of alteration is pointed to in the situation arising out of the adoption of Amendment Number Two. The United States Constitution contains a provision essentially identical with that in the State Constitution upon which the Ives decision was based. It is by no means inconceivable that if the validity of a compulsory workmen's compensation act, passed at Albany this winter, were to be challenged as a violation of the Constitution of the United States, the Court of Appeals might decide against the law. Probably it would not, since the Supreme Court's precedents would then be binding; but it is possible that the new law would involve some feature not covered by the precedents. Now, if the Court of Appeals were to decide against the law as violating the United States Constitution, an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States ought to be possible. But it is not. Under the Federal statutes, such an appeal does lie from a decision upholding the law, but not from a decision invalidating it. This is an anomaly, though it is not difficult to see how it may naturally have arisen. But all that is required to remove it is the passing of an act of Congress. This ought to be done at a very early date. It would remove a real grievance. The matter has been brought forward from time to time, but has apparently been neglected out of sheer inertia. It would be a particularly happy stroke for Senator Root to advocate this reform and push it to speedy accomplishment.

EUGENICS AND COMMON-SENSE.

A decided reaction from the first fine frenzy of the militant eugenists is revealed in the latest literature on the subject. It is a reaction based less on the fundamental principles of the new "science" than on the application of such principles; based less on the contention that eugenics is utterly wrong than on the contention that we do not know enough of the subject to justify us in formulating definite rules of conduct for individuals or the state. From the eugenic laboratories in England, where the doctrine had its origin, there now come warnings against the dangers that lie in overhasty assumptions and generalizations. This was the tenor of Professor Bateson's speech at the recent International Congress of Medicine in London, and it was the point driven home by another English student of repute in his recent animated controversy with Prof. C. B. Davenport, who probably stands at the head of investigators in this country. The cry to-day is for caution.

The difficulty is not one of ascertaining the end towards which the laws of heredity should be directed—always a tremendous objection to the "stock-farm" argument. We simply do not know enough about the laws of heredity. Theory is outrunning fact. This would

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seem to be admitted even by those who have lost no time in advocating the application of eugenic principles to life. Professor Davenport has admitted that his recent pronouncement concerning the mating of strength with weakness, for which he was so violently assailed by an English critic, was dictated, in the last resort, not by strictly scientific considerations but by common-sense.

And common-sense is always bound to make itself heard under such circumstances. Common-sense has no authority in the field of pure science where discoveries frequently consist in establishing the truth of things that the ordinary sense of men has declared impossible. But once the principles of science are brought into touch with life, the corrective and inhibiting influence of common-sense must enter. It is then, when we are facing a practical problem, that we so often find that the latest teachings of science have been anticipated by the ordinary experiences of mankind. Those few principles of eugenics which we are to-day bound to recognize have been recognized, and applied, for ages. Eugenics is embodied in the laws and regulations of marriage obtaining among all peoples, and all creeds and legal systems. The prohibition of marriage within certain degrees of kinship is largely based on eugenic principles, consciously or unconsciously. The Catholic Church, in forbidding the marriage of cousins, is more thoroughly eugenic than some of our cautious eugenists are inclined to be to-day. Science renders immense service by giving definite expression to, and supplying a conscious basis for, practices that men have developed in the harsh experience of the ages. And this long continuity of human experience must always remain as one of the tests for legislation dealing with the intimacies of life.

Common-sense, as applied to this question of eugenics, denotes something far different from a Gradgrind philosophy of hard facts and strictly prudential considerations. Common-sense connotes sentiment, poesy, and the higher human instincts when it upholds the sanctity of life, of love, and of human purpose against the stock-farm interpreters of eugenism. Common-sense is much more philosophical than the mass of pseudo-scientific eugenists when it refuses to fix its attention upon an isolated problem to the overlooking of counter-problems. Common-sense refuses to grow excited over the necessity of preventing the "degeneration" of the race because it recognizes that no such process is under way; because it recognizes that the health of the race is improving, that the span of human life is increasing, and that a greater proportion of the race is tasting a greater share of happiness than ever before. Common-sense is aware, for instance, that discoveries are constantly and continually made in the field of medicine which at one stroke do more for the health and well-being of the race than the eugenists could hope to attain through ages of painful effort.

In general, common-sense recognizes that, as compared with the difficult and uncertain business of improving the race by regulating birth, a vastly greater amount of good can be accomplished by concentrating upon the human material after birth. To drop into scientific vernacular, common-sense opposes the well-proven influence of environment to the still dubious functioning of heredity. It recognizes that poverty, alcoholism, and crime are not prenatally determined, but are the product largely of social conditions. It was Prof. Karl Pearson, the most distinguished of Galton's followers, who conducted an investigation some years ago into the effects of alcoholism upon the young, and found that the children of alcoholic parents are not noticeably inferior in health to the children of sober parents. The eugenists are appalled by the birth-rate in the English slums, and foresee the swamping of the fit of the nation by the unfit. But common-sense ventures to doubt whether the English lower classes have ever been better off than they are to-day, and asks to what extent a rapidly growing population has been justified by the peopling of the waste places of the earth and the upbuilding of an empire with its millions of prosperous colonists.

It is not a simple problem. Every broad assertion made in behalf of common-sense immediately calls for its reservations and exceptions. The ideal of a healthier race towards which the eugenist strives cannot wisely be put aside by any man of sense. Nor can certain contentions of the eugenist be dismissed, such as the demand for the regulation of marriage among the notoriously diseased or otherwise obviously unfit. But the great objection is that, passing from what is absolutely justified, the eugenists, on the basis of principles whose validity is by no means established, have been clamoring for a short and easy way with problems of the utmost concern for the future of the race.

MEXICANIZING ENGLAND.

If we may believe the dispatches, the British Isles will soon be filled with rival armies. In Ulster fifty or sixty thousand men are drilling—with wooden guns. Not to be outdone by Belfast, Dublin has begun the recruiting of an "army." Ten thousand men enrolled the first day. They will presumably drill with shillelahs. But the thing does not stop there. The striking Transport Workers in Dublin are catching up the idea. They, too, say they will have their army, General Larkin will take the field against General Redmond, with General Carson perhaps moving against both from the North of Ireland. And at the same time the embattled ladies under General Drummond may be marching on Downing Street. It will soon be so that every political faction, even every clique, will have its "army." The Labor party and the trades unions are growing restless, with everybody else arming, and say that the time is drawing near when they also will cease to depend upon voting to get what they want, and will seize guns to extort it from the Government.

The whole thing, if we are to accept the reports as printed, has a Mexican air. Sir Edward Carson does not like what the Government proposes to do in Ireland, and so he issues his *pronunciamiento* in Belfast, just as if his first name were Eduardo and his last Orozco. John Redmond looks with dislike and envy upon this North of Ireland insurrection, and raises his "cry" in Dublin, after the fashion of "el grito de Hidalgo." Then there are the "plans" of Larkin and the suffragettes and the labor unions, put out with all the prolixity and the vehemence of a Comonfort or a Madero rushing to arms. An alarmed and too credulous observer might think that, by a year from now, Prime Minister Asquith will be in London like another Huerta in Mexico City, giving out bulletins about the operations

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against rebels in all parts of the United Kingdom.

In the very fact that all this sounds comic lies the best hope that a peaceful and sensible way out will be found. Englishmen, too, have an "ancient humor" which will save them at the last. The process of raising an "army" to enforce every local or factional demand will soon reduce itself to the absurd; and then the armies will disband amid a universal smile. Batteries of public ridicule will be opened on the fierce paper-warriors. This kind of firing has, indeed, already begun—it is probably the only firing that will be done—and it is as hard for public men to endure it in England as it is on the Boulevards of Paris. Several months must pass before any of the Irish armies will have any excuse for mobilizing, and when the time comes it will very likely be the old story over again of thousands of infuriated and determined patriots who would have risen had they not been prevented by the police.

That the entire matter has a deeply serious aspect, however, no one who stops to think will deny. Not without disquietude can those accustomed to associate England with ordered liberty read of these threats of violence and of civil war. English political methods have always been rough. The Chartist movement had its fringe of incendiarism and murder. What the Fenians did and attempted, it is not necessary to recount. The lawless outrages by the suffragists can plead many bad precedents. But those English agitators misread the history of their own country who think that anything is to be gained by terrorism. It was not the burning and killing threatened by the Chartists that won the workingmen the vote; nor was it the pulling down of the Hyde Park railings, so often cited mistakenly; but the long appeal to reason and justice made by the Quaker, John Bright, and those who fought by his side, using only weapons of warfare that were spiritual. This is the kind of peaceful triumph of an idea that we like to think of as characteristic of England; and every friend of hers is shocked and pained to read of this new incursion of rowdyism in English public life; every man proposing to do what is right in his own eyes, regardless of the law, and throwing away the ballot in order to grasp the bludgeon.

For these sporadic outbreaks of warlike talk and action, the example set by Ulster is no doubt largely responsible. Sir Edward Carson and his followers have much to answer for in cultivating the spirit of violent resistance to the law of the land. The thing could not be confined to their corner of Ireland. No sooner do the men of Belfast undertake to act upon Lord Randolph Churchill's fine gasconading cry, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right," than the men of Dublin shout in response, "Leinster will fight, and Leinster will be right." To this kind of angry separatism has led a movement avowedly started in the name of the Empire! It is one of the huge absurdities of the notion of raising armies to get what you are too rash and impatient to seek to obtain by the slower methods of discussion and law-making. First evoked by professed Imperialists, the spirit of violence has speedily given us a Larkin, addressing great audiences in England and crying out, "Damn the Empire!"

COMBINING IN SOCIAL WORK.

Germany has lately shown the possibility of two institutions, one formed for the practical treatment of a social evil, the other for its theoretical study, existing in ignorance of each other, though by joining they could heighten their effectiveness. At the International Congress of Criminologists at Copenhagen last summer, emphasis was laid upon a proposal for a *Kriminalistisches Reichsinstitut* at Berlin. It was to study criminal psychology, sociology, and psychiatry; police methods, trial methods, and the Bertillon and other systems of identification; with prisons and penal systems in detail. In the course of discussion, however, so Professor von Liszt writes in *Die Woche*, Chief of Police Lindenau, of Berlin, and the representatives of the University of Berlin discovered that in two divided parts the *Reichsinstitut* already existed. One was the *Polizei-Präsidium*, with a special museum, a criminal laboratory, a system of graphic charts, and a collection of criminal archives. The other was a department of the University, a *Kriminalistisches Seminar*, enrolling large classes. No one doubted the value of a Royal Institute; but why spend thousands for one when by throwing open the doors between classroom and bureau a perfect substitute could be created?

This is an example of shortsightedness in sociological work. Of the necessity for coördinating schemes of social benevolence we hear much; some plans for central supervision of philanthropies have actually been put into operation. But they meet a need coming after that of combining efforts at the active treatment of a social evil with those for its theoretical study. Any positive maladjustment in society calls into being an agency to deal with it. Such agencies are remedial. Of another sort are those reform organizations which study social questions in a scientific spirit. The boundary line between the two is more and more broken down. But even in so complex and advanced a matter as criminology the division is still found, as the German criminologists discovered.

It is natural to demand that the reform agencies shall cover both grounds. The primary basis for this is not economy of effort and money; rather, it is the feeling that social schemes should be planned upon the broadest possible scale. The proposal for the *Reichsinstitut* is typical of this new requirement; it was to unite the effective with the theoretical, the permanent reform with the immediate remedy, the humanitarian with the philosophical. It is a partial estimate of the need for inclusiveness of scope which prompts to expand one or the other isolated agency, without an effort to bring the two together. The Berlin *Polizei-Präsidium* might have gone on enlarging its functions indefinitely, as might also the Seminar of the University; yet neither would have reached its full usefulness, since their constitutions forbade trenching on each other's field. But once the largest possible view is taken, a hundred agencies spring to their places in the plan. It is a frequent criticism of schemes of practical reform that they are wanting in breadth and in insight into the future. Theoretical studies are said to be remote, intangible, and academic. The winning forward of social movements is by eliminating the deficiencies of the two and joining their virtues.

In a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, an article upon "Blundering Social Reform," by Sir Guilford L. Molesworth, gathers together a number

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of instances of costly errors on the part of institutions prominent in philanthropic work in the British Isles. The conclusion of the writer is that too often the eyes of England's legislators and social reformers are fixed either upon the ground at their feet, or upon nothing but the distant horizon. He quotes a sentence from Chateaubriand's "Memoirs": "There are two consequences in history: an immediate one, at once recognized; and one in the distance, which is not at first perceived. These consequences often contradict each other." His conclusion is that, while the breach between the practical and the theoretical schools of social reformers is often bridged, the very complexities of modern reform keep the necessity for eternal vigilance always present. And he tries to show in England to-day the necessity for that broadness of purpose which, in Herbert Spencer's phrase, holds in mind not merely "the immediate object to be achieved, but the indirect and far-off result."

BARBARA FRIETCHIE AND FAME.

The story of Barbara Frietchie is again under fire. Whittier's account of the supposed incident of September 13, 1862, is felt as an aspersion upon the Confederate troops, and so testimony is offered concerning the affair that would delight the heart of a district attorney. Why any one should be offended by the tale is not evident. "Who touches a hair of yon gray head," Stonewall Jackson is represented as exclaiming, "dies like a dog. March on!" Surely this is true Southern chivalry. But it does not satisfy the critics in the Southland, and they remind us accordingly, not simply that the story is false, but that it has been proved so by the mouths and the pens of several persons who ought to know. Here is a letter written from Frederick City only nine years after the war by Valerius Ebert, nephew of Barbara and administrator of her husband's estate, setting forth that Jackson and his troops did not pass nearer the Frietchie residence than three hundred yards, that they were never on the same street as the house, and that the lady herself, being ninety-six years old, was bedridden, and so far from being able to clamber to the attic window that she could not even get upon her feet without assistance. Finally, Whittier himself is said to have acknowledged that he had been misled and to have expressed his regret over the occurrence.

If this is not enough to demolish the myth, there is a later version, come fresh from Frederick City, which tears it to shreds. Two of Jackson's men, so this rendering goes, having entered the Frietchie house to take down the offending flag, Dame Frietchie chased them back into the street with a broom. It is possible that in this form the tale will be no more palatable to its critics than it is in the orthodox version, but when you set out to dispose of a myth, you cannot object to others who are engaged in the same laudable endeavor. But those who resent the story as Whittier told it do not stop with destructive criticism; they attempt to put it entirely out of the way by showing its probable origin. To Col. Kyd Douglas of Jackson's staff belongs the credit for the following narrative:

> Two very pretty girls, with ribbons of red, white, and blue floating from their hair, small Union flags in their hands, rushed out of a house as we passed, came to the curbstone, and with much laughter waved their flags defiantly in the face of the General. He bowed, raised his hat, and turning with his quiet smile to the staff, said, "We evidently have no friends in this town."

"Doubtless," comments the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, "girls or women who were Union sympathizers waved Union flags at Confederate invaders in the border States or the Union States beyond." But as for anything such as is related in connection with Barbara Frietchie, perish the thought!

Why should one have a grudge against myths? Well, the truth is that very few persons are so enamoured of fact as to wish to war against myths. All that most of us care to do is to crush a particular myth that offends us. Some of the leading critics of this Barbara Frietchie tale, for instance, become stanch supporters of a myth, or at least of an extremely doubtful story, when any one ventures to wonder about the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The shoe is then on the other foot. All the evidence tending to establish the fact of such a Declaration is greeted as entitled to respect. Any one contemplating an attack upon a myth of any standing would do well, therefore, to begin doubtfully and far away. If you have reason to suspect the authenticity of the Boston Tea Party, commence your war upon it in Nevada or Arizona. Point out the considerations that incline Bostonians to cling to any tale that does honor to Revolutionary traditions of this kind. Pour scorn upon the narrowness of the spirit that prefers local glory to the pure and unadulterated truth. Your Nevada or Arizona audience, not being especially concerned in the issue, will agree with you heartily, and in time you may create a sentiment regarding the famous Party that will put Boston decidedly on the defensive.

If one looks at the story of Barbara Frietchie in cold blood, one fails to see why the exact truth about it should greatly matter. Prove it to be false, and what have you achieved except to deprive a picturesque figure of its halo? But we do not look at myths in cold blood. If we could, we should not care for them. When we read about Barbara, we are not a jury in the box, making up our minds about the relative weight of evidence in the case of Jackson vs. Frietchie. Not at all. We are up there in the attic window with the intrepid old woman. More than that; it is our hands that seize the flag as it falls from its shattered staff. It is our hands that wave it defiantly before the advancing guns, our voice that shouts the challenge that may mean its silencing forever, and our victory for a cause that is dearer to us than life. We value myths, not for their truth to history, but for the tribute they pay to the possibilities of human nature. We cling to them, not because their destruction would deprive us of our ideas of the past, but because it would strike a blow at our faith in ourselves.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

One of the mottoes prefixed to the second volume of these letters* is a sentence from Sainte-Beuve, which would read in English something like this: "The illustrious writers, the great poets, scarcely exist without having about them other men, themselves essential rather than secondary, great in their incompleteness, the equals in the inner life of thought with those whom they love, whom they serve, and who are kings by right of art." The words could not be more fitting if they had been written with Norton in mind, so perfect-

**Letters of Charles Eliot Norton.* With Biographical Comment by His Daughter Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Two volumes, illustrated.

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ly do they express his relation to the artists of his generation. We think of him first, perhaps, as the friend of Ruskin and Carlyle, of Longfellow and Lowell, and of the other writers who were giving lustre to the Victorian and —may we say?—Cantabrigian age, and we recall the epitaph he once playfully suggested for himself: "He had good friends, whom he loved"; but we do his memory wrong if we regard him merely as parasite, or shadow, of those greater reputations. He was more than friend and audience; he was counsellor and, at times, judge. One of the few notes of personal resentment in his correspondence is a protest against a passage in Ruskin's "Præterita" which had represented him as seeking unasked the society of the more famous man. Ruskin, indeed, meant to cast no slur, and in the same book adds the most generous praise of his "first tutor": "Norton saw all my weaknesses, measured all my narrownesses, and, from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance—though the younger of the two—and always admitting my full power in its own kind."

Something of that "rectorial power" he had with whomsoever he lived, whether individual or community, and from it came his honor and a measure, too, of bitter reproach. His letters, as they are now published in selection, have other claims to attention, but their greatest value is in the clear revelation of the man himself to those who knew him not at all or, like the writer of this essay, knew him but slightly, and of the source of the authority which made him among his more productive contemporaries an *égal au dedans*. The opportunity to set forth the nature of that power brings a peculiar pleasure, not without a sense also of humility, to the present editor of the journal which Norton helped to found and into which so much of his character entered.

I.

As for the work of the editors of these volumes it is sufficient to say that there is not a word of their own about Norton, nor is there a letter of his included, which would have given offence to his scrupulous taste in such matters; and, on the other hand, there is no evidence that anything has been omitted which is necessary to the understanding of the man and his position. Possibly the interest of the volumes would not have been diminished if an even stricter selection had been exercised in the earlier letters. He came to maturity late, and it is the gravity of his judgment more than any adventitious aids of fancy or cleverness that holds our attention.

His letters in this respect are curiously unlike those of Lowell, with which one naturally compares them. After the first crude effervescence of youth Lowell charms us with his grace and keeps us almost spellbound with the fecundity of his wit; we say that never was there a fellow like this to amuse and entertain. But somehow the interest does not quite hold to the end; we are a little irked to find that he never entirely controlled his own faculties; we never touch bottom with him, not so much because of the depth of his mind as because of the drift of its currents. With Norton it is just the reverse. We begin by thinking him, comparatively at least, a trifle dull; but as we read on we are caught by the sheer integrity of his utterance; we are impressed by the feeling that here was a man of utter veracity, who never swerved aside to be funny or wise or profound or original, but was concerned to say with unflinching precision just what he felt and thought. No doubt these virtues are in a way negative and denote a certain slowness of imagination and a certain lack of higher spontaneity in the writer, but at the worst we are not annoyed by the attempt to conceal such deficiencies under a sham sprightliness, and at the best we forget them by reason of other positive qualities. There is nothing in this correspondence in any way equivalent to the winged phrases in which Lowell describes to Norton the effect of Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa oration: "It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars," etc. Nor was it within the compass of Norton's pen to write any one of a dozen of those improvisations in which Lowell fairly takes your breath away with the audacity of his wit. But neither was it within the scope of Lowell's intelligence to give finality to one of the commonplaces of experience with just such grave and pondered beauty of expression as that which Norton used to Leslie Stephen on the death of his brother: "It is one of those changes which alter the whole habit and aspect of life—shutting up so many chambers to which nobody else has a key, increasing the solitary and silent part of life which grows so disproportionate to the rest as we grow old." In the end we suspect that most readers will say, as they close the second of these volumes: Here is the larger man and the deeper nature, and here, after all deductions, are the finer letters.

But it must not be supposed that Norton was pedantic or priggish in his correspondence, or sent out an epistle with the solemn consideration of a judge handing down a decision. He is familiar and easy enough on occasion, and at times strong and picturesque. Especially during and after his third long visit abroad his letters and journal gain in liveliness by the occasional portraits of men and reports of conversations. Naturally, Carlyle is prominent in these, and he is presented as abounding in the kind of humorous exaggeration by virtue of which Norton always defended him against his detractors. One day it is Carlyle discoursing on Browning:

> So he went on till some one asked him if he had seen Browning lately. "Na," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I've read the whole of his new poem, 'The Ring and the Book,' in four volumes, from beginning to end, without omitting a word, and a most extraordinary production it is—a work of great ingenuity and full of verra strikin' sentences. I met Browning, indeed, in Piccadilly the other day, and I told him I'd read his poem from the first word thereof way to the last, and he said to me, quickly, 'Well! Well?' and I replied that I thought it a book of prodigious talent and unparalleled ingenuity; but then, I suppose trusting to the sincerity of my own thoughts, I went on to say that of all the strange books produced on this distracted airth, by any of the sons of Adam, this one was altogether the strangest and the most preposterous in its construction; and where, said I, do ye think to find the eternal harmonies in it? Browning did not seem to be pleased with my speech, and he bade me good morning."

At another time it is Carlyle's swift judgment of Sumner, whom he defines as "the most completely nothin' of a mon that ever crossed my threshold—naught whatsoever in him or of him but wind and vanity." And again it is Carlyle on Carlyle, expressing a fundamental truth about himself which some of his critics have still to learn:

> While we were sitting by the fireside, before we left the house this afternoon, he said, speaking of himself,—"I've been much misunderstood in my time, and very lately now I was readin' an article on Froude's view of Ireland in the last number of *Macmillan*, written by a man whom ye may have seen, one——, a willow pattern of a man, very shrill and voluble, but harmless, a pure herbivorous, nay, graminivorous creature, and he says with many terms of compliment that there's 'a great and venerable author' who's done infinite harm to the world by preachin' the gospel that *Might makes Right*, which is the verra precise contrary to the truth I hold and have endeavored to set forth, which is simply that *Right makes Might*. And I well remember when, in my younger days, the force o' this truth first dawned on me, it was a sort of Theodicee to me, a clew to many facts to which I have held on from that day."

II.

But it is Norton himself we come to seek in this correspondence, rather than Carlyle or another, and Norton's place as the last representative of a remarkable generation—*ultimus Novorum Anglicanorum*. Some day we shall appreciate New England literature at its true value. But before that day we must learn to distinguish between what is provincial and what is merely local. If anything is provincial it is to incorporate such

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men as the old Scottish poets in the main body of English literature, as is commonly done in manuals of the subject, and to relegate the Massachusetts writers to an appendix, if they are mentioned at all, as though they were foreign to the spirit of the language in which they wrote. In one of his letters from London, Lowell tells of a Scotsman who "had the ill-manners" to compliment him on his English: "Why, I shouldn't know you weren't an Englishman. Where did you get it?" Lowell's was the reproof valiant. "I couldn't resist," he says, "and answered with a couple of verses from a Scottish ballad—

> I got it in my mither's wame,
> Whaur ye'll get never the like!

He will never compliment me again, I fear." Whatever justification there may be for separating off the New England group lies rather in their cosmopolitanism. It is true that they showed symptoms of a weakening at the root by their too ready submission to influences from Germany and Spain and Italy, but in the main they were faithful inheritors of one of the dominant British traditions. Through all the changes that inevitably came with the passage of two hundred years, they still remembered the voice of Bunyan and Baxter and Marvell and Herbert and Wither and the others to whom their fathers had hearkened at the time of the great exodus. They created no one piece quite of the first rank in the realm of the imagination, but the body of their work, when the final account is made, will stand out honorably in the general production of the Victorian era, and the spirit which controlled them and which rises from their books as a kind of fine and fragrant exhalation, will be recognized as one of the very precious things in the history of the world.

And Norton himself was fully aware of the beauty and meaning of that tradition into which he was born. No doubt, in the course of his long life he said many hard things about America, speaking sometimes not altogether wisely. Like others of his generation, he was caught up by the enthusiasm of the years when the country was moved to its depths by a passionate idea, and had it not been for ill health he would have fought in the Civil War with the soldiers of his State. But after the war he was never in sympathy with certain marked tendencies of democracy and never hesitated to express his opinion. "I have been too much of an idealist about America," he wrote, near the end of his life, "had set my hopes too high, had formed too fair an image of what she might become. Never had nation such an opportunity, she was the hope of the world." This disillusion was in part due to his fastidious social sense, sharpened by the contrast of America with the large opportunities he had enjoyed. Society was to him "the very rarest and best thing that the world proper can give us. It is the thing that our modern materialism is largely killing out—that is, in its highest form, the society that bears witness to leisure and culture, and good breeding, made up of men who, though versed in affairs, are still idealists and lovers of poetry." This was the idea he had in mind, no doubt, when he began a lecture on the word "gentleman" before a large class with the grave pleasantry: "None of you, probably, has ever seen a gentleman." Such sentiments and words were not always taken kindly, and when, as at the time of the Spanish War, he did not hesitate to expose publicly the mixture of hypocrisy and thoughtlessness that entered into the popular furor, resentment against him became almost a mark of loyalty to the country. Opinions may still vary in regard to his tilt with Senator Hoar; there are those who still think he was rightly rebuked for "the habit of bitter and sneering speech"; but these, we may suspect, are not many. Reading the letters of Norton and Senator Hoar side by side, most of us to-day will feel that honor and truth are rather on the side of Norton, and his address to the Cambridge Club, which, in a garbled report, called forth the storm of reproach, will seem to-day the memorable utterance of a calm and virile patriotism. Nor should it be forgotten that the address ended with the strong words, "*Nil desperandum de republica.*" Norton himself did, in fact, never despair. Many times in his letters he expresses his faith in the essential soundness of the people, and as he grew older his confidence in the destiny of his country increased rather than diminished. It is notable that the architecture of the World's Fair at Chicago was to him a magnificent achievement and a greater promise, and that from the city itself he could draw happy auguries for the future of America. A Brahmin of New England who can admire Chicago is not quite lost to virtue.

III.

But withal, whether for his credit or discredit, it must be admitted that Norton stood before the country and exercised the office of critic as the product of a particular time and place. He was of Cambridge, the earlier Cambridge which was, with Concord, one of the eyes of New England, the Greece of Greece, so to speak; and this position he never forgot. Again and again in his letters he refers to the exceptional character of the generation in which his own life began. "I believe, indeed," he says once, writing at the end of the century, "that the very pleasantest little oasis of space and time was that of New England from about the beginning of the century to about 1825 [he himself was born in 1827]. The spirit of that time was embodied in Emerson, in Longfellow, in Holmes, and in Lowell. It was an inexperienced and youthful spirit, but it was a happy one; it had the charm of youth, its hope, its simplicity, its sweetness." He might have added, as his reader no doubt added, that he, too, was one of the bearers of that spirit —*sacra fero ingenti percussus amore*— though, for the hopefulness of youth, he brought other qualities. Innumerable forces of inheritance made him what he was. His ancestor, John Norton, named for his more noted uncle, one of the four famous Johns (Cotton, Norton, Wilson, and Davenport), took charge of the parish of Hingham in 1678. In the same year he published a poem, being nothing other than a "Funeral Elogy, Upon that Patron of Virtue, the truly pious, peerless & matchless Gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet." In 1897 our Norton edited the poems of the matchless gentlewoman, and in his introduction wrote of her with more than his usual freedom and intimacy:

> It struck me that there would be something of quaint appropriateness in my writing, at this long interval, in regard to her whose praises he [John Norton] had sung, and that the act would not be without a certain piety toward my ancestor. And, further, I reflected, that as I could trace my descent in one line directly from Gov. Thomas Dudley, the father of Mrs. Bradstreet, and as portraits of her brother, Gov. Joseph Dudley, and his wife, looked down on me every day while I sat at breakfast and dinner, she, as my Aunt many times removed, might not unjustly have a claim upon me for such token of respect to her memory as had been asked of me. . . . She cherished in herself and in her children the things of the mind and of the spirit; and if such memory as her verses have secured for her depend rather on the circumstance of a woman's writing them at the time when she did, and in the place where she lived, than upon their poetic worth, it is a memory honorable to her, and it happily preserves the name of a good woman, among whose descendants has been more than one poet whose verses reflect lustre on her own. (Through one of her children she is the ancestress of Richard Henry Dana; through another, of Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

From a daughter of John Norton, married to John Quincy, were descended John Adams and John Quincy Adams. In the direct male line came Andrews Norton, who in 1811 was appointed a tutor at Harvard and later professor of sacred literature. In 1821 he married Catharine Eliot (whence the relationship with President Eliot), and soon bought the house with some fifty acres of land in Cambridge known as Shady Hill. In that quiet home, which was to welcome so many of the great scholars and writers of the world, and whose gracious courtesies and dignity so many Harvard men still cherish in memory as a possession equal in value to any

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learning,* Charles Eliot Norton, one of four children who grew to maturity, was born, and there, after many years and many labors, laid down his life.

By every right of tradition Norton belonged with the group of scholars and poets who just preceded him in birth, and he belonged with them also by virtue of his own accomplishments. When we consider the work of that generation it seems as if we saw the energy of a strong people, nourished through long discipline and austere abstentions, now suddenly freed from repression and displaying itself in manifold, and all too brief, expansion. Each man had his particular share in that activity: to one it was the exercise of wit, to another the sentiment of home and hearth, to another the comfort of religion, to another the recreation of the past, to another the critical judgment, to another the symbolism of a brooding imagination, to another the freedom of nature, to another the justification of the untrammelled spirit. Now it must be admitted that in none of these fields was Norton quite eminent; even as a critic his writing falls below Whipple's, who was nevertheless in every way a smaller man than he. It is not unlikely that the melancholy which shows itself occasionally in his letters was in some small measure due to the consciousness of these deficiencies. So he writes one day to Lowell: "Except for George, I have been very solitary. From year to year I seem to myself to grow more and more silent, and to express less of what is in my soul. I should like to have the power of expression—at least long enough to give form and utterance to a few of the deeper conceptions of Life and its significance and uses which come to one as one grows old and draws the lessons from his own experience." It is true, as he says, that he never embodied his wisdom of experience in literary form, but this wisdom is precisely what he stood for among his contemporaries, and just because we feel this in his letters we shall treasure them. He was, in the deepest sense of the word, the man of culture, the ripe scholar, to whom the lessons of the past had become a personal experience. To the multiform flowering of the time he brought the true cosmopolitanism.

But he brought also with that culture, and this was his finest gift, a peculiar virtue of inheritance. More than any other man of his group, he represented the naked New England conscience and its tenacity of character. It may seem that his powers were manifested chiefly in negation. To the individual, and particularly to the young student who showed promise of achievement, he could be generous of help and encouragement. But in relation to the community at large he stood undeniably as critic and check; and this attitude was often deeply resented. What has this man done, people would ask in a tone of cavilling rebellion, that he should set himself up as judge over others? Well, the question was not unnatural; yet is not character always in some way negative? Is it not of its very essence to act as a check upon the impulsive temperament, and even upon the ranging enthusiasms of the soul? And especially in the hour of expansive liberty that came to New England when it had broken from the bondage of religion, it was desirable that the principal of restraint, broadened indeed by contact with the world, but not weakened or clouded, should have had its voice and embodiment. On the ship which brought Norton home from Europe in May of 1873 Emerson also sailed, and we have in Norton's journal a record of his wonderful conversation, with the journalist's comment and criticism. For one who reflects on the later course of New England and America these are memorable pages:

> Emerson was the greatest talker in the ship's company. He talked with all men, and yet was fresh and zealous for talk at night. His serene sweetness, the pure whiteness of his soul, the reflection of his soul in his face, were never more apparent to me; but never before in intercourse with him had I been so impressed with the limits of his mind. His optimistic philosophy has hardened into a creed, with the usual effects of a creed in closing the avenues of truth. . . . He refuses to believe in disorder or evil. Order is the absolute law; disorder is but a phenomenon. . . .
>
> But such inveterate and persistent optimism, though it may show only its pleasant side in such a character as Emerson's, is dangerous doctrine for a people. It degenerates into fatalistic indifference to moral considerations and to personal responsibilities; it is the root of much of the irrational sentimentalism in our American politics. . . .

Never were truer words put on paper. The pure whiteness of Emerson's soul is, when all has been reckoned up, the finest thing that New England has given to the world; but in the society for which he ministered as a high priest of ecstatic vision, there was a place also, an indispensable place, for the questioner who stood for the traditional New England conscience and sense of evil. We shall do well to honor Norton in our memory as one who through all spiritual temptations kept his feet firmly planted on the bedrock of character.

The winds of folly blew about him as they blow about us, the dust of pedantries smote his eyes, cant and sentimentalism fouled his air, but he held to his course unmoved, cherishing always in his heart what is lovely and of good report, a faithful teacher, to whom were well applied the words of the poet who had been the chief study of his life:

> Felice te, che sì parli a tua posta.

*For a happy recollection of Norton's Christmas reception of students, see the letter in the *Nation* of May 11, 1911, written from a far-away college of South Dakota.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An additional note on the political features of the Washington Benevolent Society (see the Bibliophile in the *Nation*, October 30), from the Democratic point of view, may be of interest. The Democrats always regarded the social and benevolent work of the society as subordinate to its political activity. When the Providence branch was organized in 1810, the *Rhode Island Republican* denounced its members as "wolves in sheep's clothing," their real object being to prevent the execution of Congressional commercial laws, and to neutralize the power of the Democratic Tammany Society in elections. The outbreak of war with England in 1812 was accompanied by great activity on the part of the Federalists. The *New Hampshire Patriot* on January 12, 1813, declares:

> The Washington Benevolent Societies are extending in every direction. They fan to a big flame the spirit of party animosity, and succeed in marshalling and preparing to act on all occasions, each individual of their party.

The fact that the New England States were under Federalist control during the war was widely attributed to the efforts of this organization. Democratic hostility towards it was intense. Resolutions of conventions at Windham and Woodstock, Vt., declared the societies too friendly to England, "guilty of treason and rebellion," and "dangerous by reason of their numbers, extent, and secrecy." In Berkshire, Mass., similar resolutions warned them to beware of "the vengeance of an indignant people." Throughout the war, smuggling, trading with the enemy, obstruction of recruiting, and even spying, were offences commonly charged against the societies. In short, the tone of the Democrats resembles that which the Republicans maintained towards the Knights of the Golden Circle half a century later. The files of Isaac Hills's *New Hampshire Patriot* contain much interesting material on this subject. A very witty satire on the society is, "The Book of the Washington Benevolents; otherwise called the Book of the Knaves," published in Boston in 1813. There is a copy of this pamphlet in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society.

W. A. ROBINSON.

Correspondence

WIDENING THE LEGAL VISION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Columbia Law Review* for November contains an article entitled "The Future of the Common Law," by Robert Ludlow Fowler, Surrogate of New York County. The article can be interpreted in only one way. It is a veiled attack on a notable and systematic effort now being made to widen the legal vision of American judges, practitioners, educators, and students, by encouraging a study of contemporary jurisprudence as it exists on the Continent of Europe. Among the leaders

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of this notable and systematic effort—so displeasing to the Surrogate of New York County—are Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes; John B. Winslow, Chief Justice of Wisconsin; Prof. John H. Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School; Prof. Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School; Rapelje Howell, Esq., of the New York bar, and Edward Lindsay, Esq., of the Pennsylvania bar. Three learned societies which have done much to foster this notable and systematic effort are the American Bar Association, the Association of American Law Schools, and the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. The last two organizations are now engaged in translating, editing, and publishing no fewer than thirty-three volumes of modern legal literature by European authors.

The article in question contains a number of amusing errors. One of them is seen in this sentence: "It was the Italian Mazzini and the Central European Democracy of 1849 who first employed the term 'Progressives' and came out for the 'Progress of Humanity'" (p. 604). Like so many judges in New York, the Surrogate is evidently more interested in politics than in jurisprudence. If he knew the a-b-c of comparative jurisprudence, which he condemns so glibly, he would know that long before 1849 the adjective "progressive" was used interchangeably with "historical," to indicate a method of studying law and social science. Anybody can verify this by glancing over chapter x of Book VI of the first edition of John Stuart Mill's "Logic," published in 1843. TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University, St. Louis, November 26.

DIALECT VERSES AND COLLEGE FLUMMERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letters upon these topics in your issue of November 13 interested me much, and I hope that others among your readers will continue the discussion more fully than I can at present. Of course, in both cases there is involved the question of taste; I hold that one of the functions of the *Nation* is to improve our standards rather than to follow or even condone the fashions of the day, too often set by the ignorant or thoughtless.

That which may be at first piquant may become by repetition wearisome and even odious. Dogberry, Mrs. Malaprop, Natty Bumpo, and the Yankee of the "Biglow Papers" had the merit of novelty; virtually they were original creations. Similar place may be accorded to the earlier verse of the Hoosier type. But no such claim can be made for their imitations, through all grades, down to the ineffable vulgarities of the legends of the "comic" pictures in some contemporary newspapers, based upon what one may imagine to be the language of the slums.

So, too, "Old Folks at Home," "Old Uncle Ned," and "Mighty Lak a Rose" were new departures; but words fail to characterize their degenerate imitations, the "coon songs" that flood the music shops and are tolerated by persons otherwise apparently refined.

The writer of the letter on "Deans" refers to an article of some years ago on "The Flummery of Caps and Gowns," which I wish had been known to me before publishing the letter, "Is the Academic Costume Worth While?" in *Science* for January 31 last. Those who still try to persuade themselves that scholarly dignity is enhanced by gaudy garments are sympathetically referred to the costumes of the Philippine Bukidnons in the current number of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

BURT G. WILDER.

Brookline, Mass., November 24.

FROM SCHOLARS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Habits of speech doubtless follow facts of life and are significant of them. It is worthy of notice, then, that those who formerly attended our colleges were called "scholars." A specialization and intensification of the meaning of that word led to a shift in usage. They became "students," merely scholars in the making. Now, since they so frequently do not study at all, the word "students" in its turn is dropping out of use. Members of faculties everywhere show a growing tendency to speak of the mass as "undergraduates," a non-committal term, and of portions of the whole as "members of the class of 1913," or "members of Mathematics III," and so on.

In the old days the "female sex" in college was referred to as "young ladies." Now they are openly called by their elders "girls," and in private conversation "children."

Can speech affect fact? By persistent use of "scholars" (to go to the extreme) and "young ladies," can we change at all the trend of things? At least this is true: in general people try to live up to what is expected of them, good or bad, and when the teaching force of a college proclaims its discouragement and frankly expects no serious work of its "undergraduates," even by so doing it lessens its chance of getting serious work. C. A. H.

South Hadley, Mass., November 27.

THE CAFETERIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me answer briefly the query in regard to "Cafetaria" presented by Mr. Hart in his letter of November 12. The form cafeteria is the only one recognized in Los Angeles, where this type of dining place took its rise above seven years ago. Although the word chosen by its originator, a lady who has left this form of business and is now conducting a hotel, might be Italian, yet our proximity to Mexico, where Spanish is spoken, favors a Mexican origin; and this is the case. The accent on the penultimate is still imperative here, where the cafeteria has become an established institution.

The original cafeteria was opened at the northeast corner of Hill and Fourth Streets in the winter of 1906-7, and was soon a popular resort. Next year, in the block just south on Hill Street, an unpretentious cafeteria was opened by two business men, who conducted it with such success that they have now two large houses across the street, where excellent music is served by a string band. Los Angeles is, indeed, a city of cafeterias, so much so that a Senator from the northern part of the State facetiously proposed last year that, if the southern part should set up for itself, it might adopt the name "Southern Cafeteria." And a complaint was made that in the census she returned last year the city gave no list of the number of her cafeterias.

The first cafeteria was soon distanced, its management being slow to adopt music and other improvements. It reorganized itself two years ago as the "Original Cafeteria," and is now known as the "American Cafeteria." There is a busy cafeteria at the University of Southern California, which has been open for several years; others are to be found at the Young Men's Christian Association and elsewhere. So much for our local form of restaurant; it has never been so popular at San Francisco. JAMES MAIN DIXON.

University of Southern California, Los Angeles, November 29.

A REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I venture to speak in your columns of a remedy for sleeplessness which I have found useful, after vainly trying the various methods that are so often resorted to in the hope of coaxing sleep, such as fixing the attention upon a single subject or upon any one object in the room, counting, imagining a waving field, or the heaving sea, etc. It is not easy to describe what is mainly a negative process, but, roughly speaking, I try what I call to unthink. I shut out, as it were, any image or thought that obtrudes upon the blankness of the mind, and keep before me only the consciousness that all *is* blank and dark. In my case this expedient works well, and perhaps it may also benefit others. Whether it has the merit of objective originality I do not know. X.

New York, November 28.

Literature

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—I.

Travel is well represented this year among the more festive publications. Thus "Eöthen" ($3.50 net) comes from Lippincotts with illustrations by Frank Brangwyn, some of these ornaments for chapter-heads, others full-page color plates pasted in. No travel book out of the Orient, published since 1844, has equalled Kinglake's for color and humanity and persuasive veracity, and Mr. Brangwyn has not been disloyal to the spirit of his author. Also of the Orient, and suited to the writer's sense of color and form, and to his powers of varied description, is Pierre Loti's "India"; of which George Inman's translation is of recognized quality. As issued in Duffield's new edition ($2.50 net), the book is finely bound and printed, and a score of illustrations are added from the hand of A. Hugh Fisher, A.R.E. To these last only a qualified commendation can be allowed. Of the frontispiece, from a colored painting in oils, we shall not speak; but the other illustrations are mere outline sketches, rough and hazy to the destruction of vividness. In the case of another Oriental work, Robert Hichens's "The Near East: Dalmatia, Greece, and Constantinople" (Century; $6 net), with

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paintings in color by Jules Guérin, author, illustrator, and publisher have joined to make a notable gift-book. To readers familiar with text and pictures as they have appeared serially in the *Century*, the arresting feature of the volume will be its cover, of Byzantine design, in gold and rich colorings; but the heavy paper, the large, clear type, and the plates upon which the illustrations are printed all deserve praise. Mr. Hichens's descriptions are of the most freshness in Turkey, which seems to have appealed chiefly to him; and the same country has wrought with best effect upon the artist.

From the "Arabian Nights" we have the "Princess Radoura" (Doran; $3 net), retold by Laurence Housman in vigorous English, which, while not absolutely disdaining archaic phrases, gets along with a small number of them. The illustrations, however, supply the necessary atmosphere. Edmund Dulac knows how to represent a scene and to furnish a decoration at the same time. His pictures tell a story clearly, as if that were their one aim, and yet from central figure to decorative border there is a wealth of color and design. The present series of illustrations is a worthy addition to the notable list that he has to his credit.

Turning from the East to the West, we have Walter Tyndale's "Artist in Italy" (Doran; $5 net). When the narrator of a journey paints his own pictures of it, there is not likely to be any of that discrepancy too often felt between text and illustration. This harmony of conception is, however, the least of the merits of Mr. Tyndale's work. The places to be depicted, although limited to Venice and the hill towns of Tuscany, are selected with good judgment, and painted with happy skill. The bright colors of the market-places alternate with the quieter hues of town walls and the varying effects of sunlight upon sea and shore.

A new joyous edition of "Lorna Doone" is as fixed an event as Christmas itself. This year Crowell brings out the novel with sixteen illustrations in color by Christopher Clark ($2.50 net). Although the pages are large, the volume is light. The lover of this romance will be gratified to see how faithfully the illustrator has followed the text, while allowing his imagination full play.

Other new novels in holiday dress are not lacking. A clean specimen of these, with colored pictures, but with the look of a thing to be handled and read, is Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" (Putnam; $2 net). A still more attractive volume from the same house is "Tom Brown's School Days" ($3 net), which might be ranged among the children's books if children can be of all ages. Views of Rugby, inside and out, will make the story more vivid for American readers who are not familiar with the English school. Thackeray is represented by an edition of "Vanity Fair" (Doran; $5 net), on which great care has been expended by artist and publisher. In case of so live a character as Becky Sharp, who forms the centre of most of the illustrations, opinions will always differ as to how she outwardly appeared at the crucial moments of her career. Yet it may be said for Lewis Baumer's pictures that they are always interesting, dainty, and piquant, and his colors are pretty without being garish.

To the four of Thoreau's books which the Crowell Company has already published with illustrations by Clifton Johnson, is now added "Excursions" ($2 net). Those familiar with Mr. Johnson's work will not need to have the many careful photographs in the present volume recommended to them. All are taken in or about Concord; and vary from snapshots of The Farmer with his Scythe and The Woodchopper's Dinner, to such bits of pure nature as The Snowy Woodland and Moonlight on Lancaster Meadow. For the most part they chime admirably with the text. Only now and then the line of a trolley down a country road, or the gleam of telephone wires across a shady landscape, reminds us of the distance from our day of the author of "Wild Apples," "A Walk to Wachusetts," and "The Succession of Forest Trees." Emerson's biographical sketch is printed as an introduction, and the book is bound in appropriate russet and green. The transition from Thoreau to Richard Jefferies is a transition from natural Nature to hectic Nature. And not the least hectic of Jefferies's books, though with an interest of its own, is the intensely subjective "Story of My Heart." E. W. Waite's pictures for this book, in Dutton's new edition ($2.50 net), should satisfy the most discriminating. They are not over frequent, being only eight in number; each is a landscape pure and simple, without human figure or scarcely even the suggestion of human life; and they are of attractive coloring and outline. Mr. C. J. Longman introduces the book with some hitherto unpublished letters from Jefferies to his firm, at the time (1883) the work was first going through the press. In Albert B. Osborne's "As It Is in England" (McBride, Nast; $3 net) there are again lovely bits of English country and country towns. Mr. Osborne has avoided the cities, because, aside from London, which is too big for his purpose, they don't interest him. We meet the old standbys, the cathedrals, castles, universities, besides a cosey cottage here and there. Though the text is not distinguished, it forms pleasant reading.

For a view of nature as the scene of active life, and for an attractive holiday book, one may take "Winter Sports in Switzerland" (Dodd, Mead; $4 net). Skating, skiing, tobogganing, "tailing," known in this country as "hitching," and all the other out-of-doors games with which Switzerland makes merry in the winter are well caught in colors by C. Fleming Williams. The rich atmosphere and the varied lights on the mountains offered him an excellent background of color. Merely to look at all this pictured sport makes one breathe deeply and one's blood tingle. E. F. Benson, who is something of an authority on these subjects, besides being a writer of novels, furnishes the text, which runs to nearly 200 large pages. Not only is he most informing, he is able to convey the zest which the topics demand. We regret that there is room for only one sample:

> Then the glad word goes forth that the lake bears, and you hurry forth to skate on it. But mountain and wood and landscape are all mirrored in it as in perfectly still water, and it is almost incredible that here is ice a foot or two thick. Tremblingly you launch yourself on it, scarcely able to believe in its solidity; for through that unwavering surface you see every weed and stump under water. The very fishes flit and flick visibly below your feet.

Maeterlinck's "News of Spring and Other Nature Studies" is brought out in a choice edition by Dodd, Mead ($4 net). Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who has done more than any one else to present this author in adequate English, is responsible for the text, and there are a number of full-page illustrations in color by Edward J. Detmold. If at first glance the colors seem a bit too vivid, closer observation will show that they are in reality calculated with great accuracy. Detailed studies of flowers and birds and insects are the subjects chosen.

Perhaps the most attractive of Mr. Mosher's books this season, both for substance and for form, is a reprint of Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp," in clear type on a clean page, and with no nonsense. Mr. Mosher in his "foreword" speaks of a revival of interest in Smith's poetry and prose. Of the former, we are not so sure; it is hard to imagine the world taking the paroxysms of "A Life Drama" very seriously again; but this "book of essays written in the country" is full of good quiet writing, and has never lacked its warm admirers.

Mosher has also done well to bring out in a separate volume what is perhaps the most successful work of England's new laureate, "The Growth of Love." It is here reprinted in old-style Roman face from the unique edition in Fell's Old English type (100 numbered copies), published at Oxford in 1890; and will serve both as a timely gift and one of enduring worth. Dr. Bridges's own attitude towards this sonnet-sequence is expressed in number lviii. It may represent, considering his well-known aversion to publication, something more than conventional self-effacement:

> O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth,
> That in my secret book with so much care
> I write you, this one here and that one there,
> Marking the time and order of your birth?
> Now, with a fancy so unkind to mirth,
> A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare,
> Look ye for any welcome anywhere
> From any shelf or heart-home on the earth?
>
> Should others ask you this, say then I yearned
> To write you such as once, when I was young,
> Finding I should have loved and thereto turned.
> 'Twere something yet to live again among
> The gentle youth beloved and where I learned
> My art be there remembered for my song.

Among Mr. Mosher's other new publications are Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Andromache" of Euripides, Mary F. Robinson's "Songs from an Italian Garden," and "The Sermon on the Mount."

F. Hopkinson Smith has done text and pictures for "In Thackeray's London" (Doubleday, Page; $3.50 net). The text is partly Hopkinson Smith and partly Thackeray, and wholly satisfactory, and the twenty-one full-page pictures in crayon are of a gray, shadowy, rain-soaked London. That is the advantage of England's capital over every other city. For London the artist need not resort to the expedient of blurring clear outlines and breaking rectilinear angles and covering sunshine with a mantle of mist. London offers all that ready made. It certainly has plenty of atmosphere on an autumn day of fog. What other capital can compare with a city in which fifteen years of fog and soot produce the most deceiving semblance of antiquity? Nothing can ever be new in London for more than two or three winters. Mr. Smith starts at the inevitable point—Charterhouse and Grey Friars and Col. Newcome, and ends with

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young Newcome and Pendennis in Middle Temple.

Among the many other holiday books we may mention Maeterlinck's "Our Friend the Dog," in unpretentious form (Dodd, Mead; $1.25 net). The translation has been made by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and pictures of the short-lived Pelléas made by Cecil Alden. Four booklets of tinted paper hold sundry productions by Carolyn Wells (Franklin Bigelow Corporation). Their titles are "The Re-echo Club," "The Eternal Feminine," "Girls and Gaiety," and "Pleasing Prose." "The Wisdom of Bernard Shaw, being Passages from the Works of Bernard Shaw, chosen by Charlotte F. Shaw" (Brentano's; $1 net), is a volume of pocket size, having upwards of 400 pages and bound in a red leather sufficiently splashed with gilt to harmonize with the glitter of the contents. Those who confess to a liking for Harrison Fisher's paintings of fresh-cheeked girls and natty young men will find in Dodd, Mead & Co.'s "Beauties" ($3.50 net) a collection of his typical productions, printed and bound with a single eye to holiday attractiveness.

Buyers of books at this season may care to have their attention called to the titles of several large and handsome publications, which have just come to our table and must be reserved for more deliberate treatment than can be afforded them in this place. Longmans, Green & Co. have now ready Vols. XVII to XX of their great subscription edition of William Morris. From Dodd, Mead & Co. come "Scott's Last Expedition" in two large volumes ($10 net), Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Italian Yesterdays," in two volumes ($6 net), and A. B. Chamberlain's "Hans Holbein, the Younger," in two quarto volumes ($16 net). All of these books are elaborately illustrated.

GOBINEAU'S "RENAISSANCE."

La Renaissance. Savonarole, César Borgia, Jules II, Léon X, Michel-Ange. Scènes Historiques. Par le Comte de Gobineau. Sixième edition, 1911. Paris: Plon.

The Renaissance. Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, Michael Angelo. Translated by Paul V. Cohn. Edited with an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

Cesare Borgia. By William Harrison Woodward. London: Chapman & Hall.

Maximilian the Dreamer, Holy Roman Emperor, 1459-1519. By Christopher Hare. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The emergence of Gobineau at this date illustrates the caprice which sometimes determines fame. George Meredith, writing to John Morley on February 1, 1906, says: "If you have not read the 'Renaissance' of the Comte de Gobineau, you will find pleasant relaxation in it. The ideas in the heads of the characters of the time are given with masterly sureness, in refreshing French." That reference, published in Meredith's "Letters" less than two years ago, apparently started up Mr. Cohn and other translators.

The tardiness of English recognition need not surprise us. On the Continent, however, Gobineau has long been not only well known, but even the object of a vigorous cult. It is from him, a Frenchman, that the Germans have drawn many of their arguments for militarism and their doctrines as to what constitutes a dominant race. For twenty years Gobineau societies have flourished in the Fatherland, "Gobinismus" has taken its place in the vocabulary of accepted political and racial truths, Gobineau's works have been translated into German, and many essays, critiques, and monographs have poured out upon them. In France also Gobineau long since came to his own. His "Renaissance," crowned by the Academy, has passed through six editions, and his seminal ideas have become common property: but he seems to have been accepted there as a politico-literary thinker, as an artist in pen-portraiture, rather than as the apostle of a new creed. The fact that he regarded the French as a decadent and the German as a crescent people may account for the fact that his countrymen, with their usual intellectual hospitality, welcome him as a man of letters rather than as a prophet.

Born in 1816 of a noble family, Arthur Gobineau was a bookish youth, and a reader and thinker at the age when most of his class devoted themselves to dissipation. In 1848, he served De Tocqueville as secretary. Then he entered the diplomatic career, filling minor posts at Berne, Frankfort, and other places. He spent three years as first secretary at Teheran, thereby getting material for his "Histoire des Perses." For nearly twenty years he alternated between short sojourns in Paris and service at Athens, Rio de Janeiro, Stockholm, and the East. He died in 1882. The year before, he fell in with Richard Wagner, who, captivated by Gobineau's views on aristocracy and artists, published, in the *Bayreuther Blätter*, an article by him on "Heroism and Christianity." This led to the "discovery" of Gobineau by the Germans, who soon came to accept as gospel Gobineau's laws of race supremacy.

These had appeared in his epoch-making book, "Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines," the first volume of which was printed in 1853, and the second in 1855. This is not the place for a critique of the "Essai"; suffice it to say that in it Gobineau investigates why some races have achieved greatness while others have remained mediocre, or have even sunk to be the subjects and slaves of the powerful. He concludes that purity of stock accounts for these differences, on which what we call moral considerations have little influence. That a race is strong is proof enough for him that it ought to be strong; and its aim should be to go on strengthening itself at the expense of its neighbors. This pleasant doctrine harmonized with the desires of the "superior" peoples of Europe when they set out, a quarter of a century ago, to subdue or assimilate "inferior" peoples; and, being based on the cornerstone of absolute aristocracy, it also fortified the theory of the Superman which has been exploited during the past two decades. In short, Gobineau had assembled the most characteristic elements in Nietzsche's system thirty years before Nietzsche himself. These would be reasons enough to explain Gobineau's importance; and to them should be added the fact that he was the spokesman of conservatism in its life-and-death struggle with democracy.

One may, however, read his "Renaissance," published in 1877, without a knowledge of these details; for in it Gobineau writes objectively, seeking neither to preach nor to persuade, but simply to exhibit the chief figures of that period in typical acts and utterances. He uses the dialogue as his medium, a device which lends objectivity to his portraits and has the advantage of sparing the reader long descriptions and explanations. But mere dialogue does not always result in dramatic quality, and on many occasions it resolves itself into monologues in which, as in Browning's best examples, we cannot always separate the author from his creation. There must inevitably be in such work a suggestion of the knowledge that comes by retrospect, which the actors themselves could not have had. Nevertheless, the total effect is one of verisimilitude: Gobineau has caught the strange drama of the Italian Renaissance in many of its most marked features, and he has painted them with remorseless veracity.

Only a doctrinaire, steeped in Gobineau's theory of racial and individual supremacy, would discover in "The Renaissance" a glorification of the pessimism which culminates in the Superman. If Gobineau chose the wickedest period of modern times because it gave the freest play to individuality, he does not hush up the horrors to which unbridled egotism led. The moralist can deduce from him a hundred arguments against the soul-killing license of the Renaissance, arguments just as cogent as, and more savory than, those which Dr. Levy, in his introduction, draws from him.

Gobineau devotes his dialogues to the careers of Savonarola, Cæsar Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, and Michael Angelo. Round each of these protagonists he groups a host of contemporaries, nearly all of whom have historical antecedents. Beginning with Savonarola, he shows how, when the Roman Church had reach-

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ed the highest point of corruption, that God-fearing, terribly earnest friar tried to reform the church from within, and how, despite his genius and his zeal and the support of a righteous remnant, he was crushed by the monstrous ecclesiastical machine as ruthlessly as an Alpine climber by an avalanche. Only second to Savonarola in this dialogue are Alexander VI and Machiavelli—the Borgian Pope bent wholly on securing the greatness of his dynasty and his own sensual gratifications, Machiavelli longing for some master—a Mohammed, or even a Tamerlane—to rise up and guide the revolution. It is not by accident that Gobineau puts into the Borgian Pope's mouth, not into Machiavelli's, the rules of statecraft which have passed for Machiavellian.

We cannot mention, much less criticise in detail, even the most salient passages in the 550 pages of these dialogues. For subtlety, no portrait excels that of Alexander VI, with his superstition, his cruelty, his man-of-the-world politeness, his love of luxury and of the fine arts. He carries a holy wafer in a little gold box to ward off evil, just as a negro carries a rabbit's paw; and, not having it, he drinks the poison he has prepared for the cardinals. Cæsar Borgia is less complex, and his unblushing villanies necessarily shock us less than those of his father, whose position as head of the church made his iniquities tenfold worse. In Julius II we behold the familiar warrior-prelate, who loved fighting before all things, whose conscience troubled him with no scruples, who seemed at times to doubt the efficacy of the crucifix, but never that of the sword. Leo X is admirably sketched, as in the scene with the Saxon envoy Maltitz—come to discuss Luther's arraignment of Tetzel—whom the Pope dismisses with the words: "I am disposed to remain conciliatory in all matters, provided that the needs of the Apostolic Chamber are satisfied." To which Cardinal Bibbiena adds: "My dear Maltitz, you understand that we do not care whether the money comes by way of indulgences or otherwise; but remember that in any case we want the money, and you must not imagine that we will yield an obolus of this money."

Such passages, which crystallize the irreligion of the heads of the church, are, however, only bits of the great whole. Gobineau, who professed himself a Roman Catholic to the end, had no quarrel with the church. To him, clerical corruption was merely an incident in the vast historic episode. He describes the sins and foibles of kings, soldiers, scholars, politicians, and artists with equally pitiless impartiality. Contrary, perhaps, to his intention, but wholly in harmony with the fact as he states it, the Renaissance, which we were to admire as the Golden Age when individualism, freed from moral restraints, was to blossom in a thousand beautiful talents, turns out to be the heyday of primitive lusts, passions, and ferocities. Even the artists, whose work alone remains to gladden posterity, seem mere accessories to the general orgy of Supermen. But Gobineau does not show us, we do not feel sure that he could show, an inevitable connection between moral and social degeneration and splendid achievements in art.

Nevertheless, Gobineau keeps the artist constantly in mind. The one figure who comes and goes through his dialogues is Michael Angelo, with whose death, indeed, he regards the Renaissance as closed. If there be any character in his *dramatis personæ* through whom the author himself seems to speak, it is precisely Michael Angelo. We cite two characteristic passages:

"I am an artist," says Buonarotti, "and I see in the world only my work, and above all our holy religion. I do not inquire why the Lord God—blessed be his name—has put on the earth so many princes, captains, and podestas, who devour each other. Their only occupation ought to be to do virtuous deeds, punish vice, and protect the arts. They do just the opposite. God ought to suppress them. It is true that then we should fall into the hands of the populace, the vilest beast that ever crawled on the ground."

In that last sentence speaks Gobineau, who had seen the blue-bloused Parisian mob swarm up the boulevards in 1848, and had thereafter loathed Demos in all his forms. So he puts into Michael Angelo's mouth, at the close of the book, what we may regard as his own summing up of the Renaissance:

I knew Brother Savonarola, and the aspect of his august face has never vanished from my memory. I have lived by his teachings. Either because he demanded too much of us, or because poor Italy presumed too much upon her forces and imagination in her was disproportioned to honesty, Italy quitted his hands and remained in those of vice. Yet, nevertheless, she felt herself; she was conscious of her superiority over the rest of the world. She despised other countries and used their resources for her own ends; they held her in admiration and she knew it. She knew that she was great and dreamed only of becoming greater. Her artists . . . you know what they have been! Now, all is over. The fire is extinguished. There exists no Italy more. Those whom we disdained become our masters. The artists have perished. I am the last survivor of the holy phalanx; what they call by the same glorious name we bore are now only traders, and not without impudence. It was time indeed to die! We die ill, miserably. What matter? There have been beautiful souls, glorious souls in this Italy, henceforth enslaved and prostrate. I do not regret to have lived. . . . We leave great things after us and great examples. Earth is richer than she was before we came.

The restraint of utterance which characterizes this farewell belongs to Gobineau throughout his book. He is no maker of epigrams. He never resorts to rhetoric to heighten his effects. Though the persons and episodes he describes are among the most extraordinary exemplars of romanticism running riot, Gobineau treats them as a classicist. This does not mean that he disdains realistic touches in order to enhance the lifelikeness of his presentation. Take, for instance, the Florentine citizen who, at the execution of Savonarola, says to his wife: "It was a pretty fine ceremony, and even imposing! But I think it's going to rain. Let's go home." To which she replies: "Yes, my dear, let's go home! I am afraid of catching cold." By such a sardonic stroke—and there are many of them—Gobineau reminds us of the tragic contrast between the supreme moments of human passion and historical crisis, and the indifference with which dull persons behold them. He never falls into the "pathetic fallacy," for he knows too well the insensibility of Nature to Man's joys and sorrows. While he has at his command the historical facts, he does not always stick slavishly to historical sequence; for his purpose is, primarily, to interpret the significance of the Renaissance. So he dates the last interview between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna thirteen years after her death; and in other cases he prefers the spirit to the letter of the records. Occasionally, as in the matter of the poisoning of the cardinals by Alexander VI, investigations made since Gobineau wrote have either raised doubts or reversed earlier opinions.

But after all necessary qualifications, "The Renaissance" remains essentially a true book, in which one of the most amazing episodes in history is vividly embodied. It extenuates nothing; it sets down naught in malice; it leaves you, in the main, to draw your own deductions. If Gobineau had possessed Voltaire's style, it might have been a literary masterpiece; but even so, one feels that it must have been easier deliberately to satirize wickedness in "Candide" than to spread dispassionately on the vast canvas of "The Renaissance" a host of persons who reveal themselves heart and soul to the life. With Gobineau to *personalize* the Renaissance, and Burckhardt to *generalize* its manners, customs, and ideals, one who is not a specialist can come at its essence.

Mr. Cohn's translation, although not distinguished, is readable, and, wherever we have compared it with the French we have found it trustworthy. Dr. Oscar Levy's introduction, whether in tone or substance, is most objectionable. That the fastidious aristocrat Gobineau, who detested vulgarians and disdained to take part in controversies

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or to defend his views in public—leaving his books to speak for him—should be championed by a ranting atheist, is irony without mitigation. It is not the atheism that he would object to; it is the crudity, the lack of knowledge, the vulgarity of manner, the raw-turnip flavor. We infer that Dr. Levy, who is Nietzsche's English sponsor, venerates Nietzsche, Stendhal, and Gobineau as mankind's supreme products. His introduction deals chiefly with Gobineau's theories of racial primacy and of aristocracy, with digressions in which he aims bungling sarcasm at the poor god of the nineteenth century, or assails H. S. Chamberlain, or expatiates on the blunders of "the hopeless Nazarene." These topics, and many others, have nothing to do with "The Renaissance."

Of the two recent books included under our title, Professor Woodward's "Cesare Borgia" deserves commendation as a solid piece of work. He has examined the authorities without prejudice, and, having canvassed the conclusions of modern historians, he gives his own verdict dispassionately. He has the historic sense well developed. His printing of the text of a score of documents adds to the value of his volume, in which, while some of the sensational crimes attributed to the Borgias are disproved or doubted, the general charges against them are confirmed.

Mr. Christopher Hare is too well-known a bookmaker to require an introduction. He is a popularizer of history through the medium of striking personages. In Maximilian I he takes for his hero the Emperor whose reign corresponded with the culmination of the Italian Renaissance, and whose policy led him to meddle in Italy. Mr. Hare has perhaps exaggerated "the dreamer's" ability and good qualities; but he is justified in exalting the interest of Maximilian's career.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Passionate Friends. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Wells has hit upon an effective expedient for giving this story an individual atmosphere. Middle-aged Stephen Stratton is supposed to write it for the future benefit of his son, still a child at the time of its writing. So far as it is a confession, it is that of one man to another, outside the conventional relation of father and son. He fears that he may never be able to break down that convention in speech, and that with the years he may "become inaccessible as old people are sometimes inaccessible"—as his own father has been. But confession is not a word that Mr. Wells uses. One needs, in whatever shadowy sense, a conviction of sin for that. Stephen Stratton, with all his regrets, with all his sorrow in the past, looks upon himself as a product, a type of family and race; and sadly yet not despairingly predicts for his son, so like him in body and temperament, an experience not unlike his own.

There is much in these pages of Wellsian dreaming about a new fraternity, a new social order, a new world-race. The man Stratton at last devotes his life to the great vague cause of progress-by-unification. But this comes about half by chance—humanity being sought as a refuge from the unhappiness of an individual. The real story is the old story of a man and two women. Lady Mary is the sweetheart and companion of his youth. At first glance, she might be the old-fashioned heroine, the shrinking, beauteous one, longing to be wooed, and helpless in the arms of her lover. But her slenderness, her blue eyes, and golden hair, belong to a very modern person. The first kiss of the young pair is as much her doing as his: she is his equal in age, in authority, in mind. She has a stronger consciousness of self than he—loves him but will not leave her tower for him: "I don't want to become some one's certain possession," she cries, "to be just usual and familiar to any one. No, not even to you. . . . Don't you see?—I want to be wonderful to you, Stevenage, more than to any one. I want—I want always to make your heart beat faster. I want always to be coming to you with my own heart beating faster. Always and always I want it to be like that." So she will not have her Stephen, and, to insure that thrilling attachment, engages herself to another man. It is understood that the marriage is to be nominal, but that does not console Stephen, and he goes off to South Africa. It is not his fault that instead of finding the quietus of a Boer bullet, he returns, some years later, one of the lions of the war. Presently there comes a new intimacy with Lady Mary, lapsing from strained friendship into the entanglement of the flesh. Then follow suffering, scandal, and what the narrator somewhat pretentiously calls "tragedy" in the suicide of Lady Mary. Nobody comes out unscathed, least of all the innocent (but wise) Rachel, whom Stratton has married, and for whose son he tells his story. Yet, looking back, he discerns in the figure of Lady Mary, in his own figure, "a symbolical value," not as sinners from whose sin the world may draw a moral, but as victims of a false civilization—beings with "a sense of fine things entangled and stifled and unable to free themselves from the ancient limiting jealousies which law and custom embody."

There we are! Mr. Wells is but another victim, more intelligent than some others, of that passing belief that somehow happiness is to result for humanity from setting the emotions free of restraint rather than from the deliberate adjustment of the individual to the responsibilities imposed upon him.

An Average Man. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Benson has adopted in this book one of the most effective of all modes of religious propaganda—the method of what one may call the non-argumentative argument. He employs all conceivable means for the making of converts to Catholicism save that of direct exposition of Catholic doctrine. He is constantly on the verge of exposition, but he goes no further. His characters are often found engaged in heated religious argument, but no sooner do we come upon them than some semi-personal issue arises and takes precedence. And yet one does not have the impression that the author is evasive, or that he avoids the main issue because he cannot grapple with it. On the contrary, one feels that he has held himself back, that, in deference to the proprieties of the novel, he has not tried to create belief in any other way than by showing the effects of faith, and lack of faith, upon character.

When we close the book, however, we realize that every turn of events has its tactical effect. The very fact that the hero does not after all become a convert, is a part of the general scheme of the book, by which Catholicism takes on the charm of a lost cause and a forsaken belief. The Anglican Church stands for worldly success, for propriety and convention; the Catholic, in some part through the social disrepute that attaches to it, appears a refuge of spirituality and idealism. With a fortune newly acquired, but an appropriate place among county families still to make, the hero finds that Catholicism would be too much of a handicap in his career, and beats an inglorious retreat. He is, after all, only "an average man."

The Lovely Lady. By Mary Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Austin's story has color instead of plot. The Lady appeared to Peter in his boyhood and her face often took on the features of those he loved best. She was his dream princess, and lived in a Wonderful House with "walls of shining pale greenish gold," amidst gardens. She was to Peter the princess whom St. George had saved in killing the fire-spitting dragon. And as the Lovely Lady became the princess, Peter became the knight. For he, too, had a dragon to encounter—he was paying off the mortgage on the house in which his mother and crippled sister lived. Peter also was full of courage, but he discovered that "princesses were for fairy-tales—that girls want Things." So Peter determined to get rich and overcome the dragon Things. He left for New York

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and struggled for success, forgotten and forsaken even by his dream princess.

But as he grew richer and overcame the dragon Things, he felt the need of something beyond riches. When he met Eunice Goodward, he thought she was his long-sought princess. But the princess proved faithless and Peter went to the Old World to find the Shining House with its gates of music wherein he might find comfort. He found pools and cypress and "the fountain's soft incessant rain," but not the Wonderful House. Then the Girl appeared, and he saw her as he knew he should always see her—"his wife and the Lovely Lady." And for the first time the Wonderful House opened to him the gates of home.

Mrs. Austin's delicate touch, the play of color, and the aspects of fairyland that rise from every page, as well as the little practical lessons she sees fit to insert, leave the reader in no mood for criticism.

Youth Will Be Served. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Co.

Nothing happens in this novel. But then a great deal might have happened; and since the spice of life is in its hopes and fears, there is ample defence in logic and common-sense for the story-teller who adopts the plan of making his story thrilling by not having any. It must be supposed in the present instance that the lady who calls herself Dolf Wyllarde has proceeded with deliberation. For she is no tyro at the game, and she has charged her book with possibilities of the most explosive sort. Here are some of the ingredients: A young wife in London and an elderly husband engaged in fighting his country's battles in India and the like remote places, an admirable male cousin of the absent husband acting as Mentor, an admiring troupe of young men holding commissions in the Household Cavalry, a neat flat in Knightsbridge overlooking Hype Park, acquaintance in musical and stock-broking circles, a handsome and unscrupulous Jewess, supper parties off the Strand with partners one would not care to invite to meet one's own set, and motor rides with persons of the same sort.

It is the heroine who calls these little affairs "Cur Parties." But they are all perfectly innocent, bless you! Of course, meantime, the reader's feelings are going to be harrowed. Supposing the lady should kick over the traces! Supposing Cousin Mentor were to turn out to be no better than Lancelot and Tristan and such fellows! Supposing one of the curs were to bite the fair hand that condescended! Supposing the handsome and unscrupulous Jewess should steal the sable coat or lead captive the young son, by this time out of Eton and ready for Sandhurst! Supposing on some motor trip the host (no better than he should be) should not ride in front with the chauffeur! Supposing—but the explosive possibilities are endless. As already intimated, the book is full of them.

And, then, the London smart set is all about you—you look out of your back windows upon the Park, you buy your things in Bond Street, you meet titled persons at parties, and you have elderly relatives who cling to Victorian traditions and give you Prayer Books. The author knows the trick.

TRUE PROSPERITY.

Wealth and Welfare. By A. C. Pigou. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

It is a popular delusion, declares Professor Pigou, that while economic science itself is a difficult subject, the discussion of practical problems, in which economic forces play an important part, can safely be undertaken without special preparation. There is, as he rightly says, no warrant for this view. The study of economic theory is, indeed, difficult; but the application of the knowledge which that study wins to the guidance of practical affairs is an even harder task; for it needs not only a full understanding of the theory, but also the trained judgment that can balance against one another a large number of qualifying considerations. This would be the case even if human life were such that economic welfare and welfare in general were coincident terms. But, in fact, man does not live by bread alone; and, therefore, besides estimating the probable economic consequences of his action, a reformer needs always to beware lest, in his ardor to promote economic benefit, he may sacrifice unwittingly some higher and more elusive good.

Professor Pigou's analysis of the task constitutes one of the most painstaking economic works of recent years. The wealth and variety of information which he employs remind the reader of Adam Smith, as does also the subtlety of his dissections. And one might suppose, too, that he had once occupied the chair of moral philosophy; yet one must not expect to find here that almost artless diction which characterizes the most complicated discussions in "The Wealth of Nations." The reader understands at the start that he has a task before him, but he sees also that the task is well worth the effort.

This work might almost be called an analysis of human consciousness; for Professor Pigou begins by telling us that welfare can belong only to states of consciousness, his aim being to make clear the distinctions between economic welfare and general welfare, and to show the interplay of the two. He tells us, for example, that causes that modify economic welfare may influence other parts of welfare, not directly, but indirectly through objective conditions of welfare other than the national dividend. The most important of these conditions are the services rendered by certain objects of natural beauty, and those rendered by persons, for which no money payment is made. The effect of economic causes on objects of natural beauty is illustrated by the frequent desolation of beautiful scenery through the hunt for coal or gold, the desecration widely wrought by uncontrolled smoke from factories, and the degraded form frequently assumed by public advertisements. Effects or services rendered by certain people occur whenever economic causes, such as Poor Law or factory regulations, or fluctuations in the demand for men's labor, divert women workers from factory work or paid home-work to unpaid home-work, in attendance on their children, economical preparation of the family meals, repair of the family clothes, thoughtful expenditure of housekeeping money, and so on. It is clear, in cases of this kind, that the changes that appear in economic welfare result almost entirely from the definition that Professor Pigou has selected for that term, and do not represent any considerable change in total welfare.

For the most part, economic causes act upon economic welfare, not directly, but through the national dividend. The gross national dividend consists of the annual flow of those goods and services that can easily be brought into relation with a money measure, and the true net dividend consists of the gross national dividend minus an appropriate allowance for depreciation of capital. If a cause is introduced which makes for an increase in the aggregate size of the net national dividend, provided that the absolute share of no group of members, in terms of the commodities which that group is accustomed chiefly to consume, decreases, the economic welfare of the community as a whole is likely to be augmented. If a cause is introduced which makes for an increase in the absolute share of relatively poor groups of persons, provided that the magnitude of the aggregate national dividend does not decrease, economic welfare is likely to be augmented. If a cause is introduced which diminishes the variability, or inequality in time, of the dividend, and especially of that part of it which accrues to the poorer classes, economic welfare is likely to be augmented.

On these theses the present work is built up. The argument is too closely knit, is the product of too many streams of observation and reflection, to admit of recapitulation in remarks of this length. The inference which we draw first and last from all that Professor Pigou has to say is that to keep the national divi-

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dend undiminished is the only sure means of safeguarding individual welfare. His chapters on the distribution of the national dividend, in which he discusses at some length attempts to improve the distribution by the deliberate transference of resources from relatively rich to relatively poor persons, reflect powers of analysis of the highest order. We are reminded that the advantage to the real income of the poor, which an act of transference brings about immediately, can only prove an advantage on the whole, if the act does not involve an injury to the magnitude of the national dividend. The consequences of artificial and differential wage-rates are here explained, as are also those of direct attempts at transference by philanthropists or the state on behalf of the less fortunate classes. The reader need not be told that a discussion of such points as these strikes at the very heart of the most important practical problems of the present day. There are many theorists who would like to diminish the portion of the national dividend now going to the rich and increase that of the poorer classes. Professor Pigou does not afford these much encouragement in connection with artificial and differential wage rates. He does say, however, that there is little doubt that plans could be devised which would enable transference from rich to poor to be made with results advantageous to production. This end could be attained through Government establishment of a national minimum of conditions, below which the fortunes of any citizen are not allowed to fall. Economic welfare, he says, is best promoted by the establishment of a national minimum at such a level that the direct good resulting from the marginal transference to the poor just balances the indirect evil brought about by the consequent reduction of the dividend. This is admirable, but is it certain that the human mind could be found which could strike this balance? If not, what would happen?

A History of Continental Criminal Procedure, with Special Reference to France. By A. Esmein. Translated by John Simpson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50 net.

This is the fifth volume in the Continental Legal History series, published under the auspices of the Association of American Law Schools. Although the title-page ascribes the authorship to Professor Esmein, several chapters are taken from the writings of Professors Garrand and Mittermaier. These have been woven together very deftly, and the book is interesting and instructive. No American lawyer can read it without learning many things. He may be surprised, at times, as when he reads on page 595: "The criminal procedure is less formal in the United States than in England. Technical errors in procedure are immaterial, unless they impair the material rights of the defence." Such statements will make him wonder whether the author is mistaken, or whether our American agitators for reform in criminal procedure have been too much disturbed.

In the four prefaces and introductions to this volume, the American reader is congratulated upon the opportunity here afforded to gain wisdom from the experience of continental nations. It is suggested that "America could benefit by imitating to some extent the mixed type of criminal procedure now in use on the Continent of Europe"; and the assertion is made that "criminal procedure in the United States is half a century or more behind that of Great Britain and Continental Europe."

A careful perusal of the volume has led us to a different conclusion. In our opinion, it warrants the American citizen in congratulating himself that he is not subject to the criminal law of France or Germany. Undoubtedly, he can learn much from the experience of the French, under their various systems of criminal procedure, but it will be chiefly by way of warning. This appears to be the view of Professor Esmein, as well as of such statesmen as M. Briand and M. Ribot. They believe in the public accusatory methods of the English procedure, which are our methods also. One of the best historical sketches of the English jury system (which we have inherited) is found in this volume, as well as one of the strongest arguments for the retention of that system. Professor Esmein has unstinted praise for the members of the State's Council, who braved the opposition of Napoleon and gained the victory for jury trials, in criminal cases, while he laments the fact that they were not able to discard entirely the harsh methods of the old inquisitorial system. His belief in the value of the jury for criminal trials is unshakable:

> The jury is one of the institutions, the happy product of history in a particularly favorable environment, which is found to answer the crying needs of civilized humanity. Born among the English, adopted by the French Revolution, it is being propagated gradually along with modern civilization, like the constitutional government and the civil State. A great civilized nation cannot renounce it without losing its rank. It is, it may be said, one of those conquests which, once achieved, are final.

Professor Esmein deprecates the present French rule which forbids a summing up by the presiding judge; and prefers the English practice, under which the judge "directs the jury as to the rules according to which their verdict must be rendered," and uses "his authority to make the jury feel the weight and import of the evidence." French experience, upon this point, should warn us against weakening the influence of the judge and subordinating him either to the emotions of the jury or the caprice or the populace.

The lessons to be learned by Americans from this volume appear to be these: Retain the grand and petit juries in their integrity. Have all criminal proceedings conducted publicly. Maintain a well-educated and independent judiciary to preside at criminal trials; to decide all questions of law; to make a clear and impartial statement to the jury of the issues of fact in the case, and to pass upon appeals from the trial court. Rid criminal procedure of its technicalities, so far as this can be done without injustice to the prisoner. Give no heed to the strident demand for the adoption of some Continental system of criminal procedure in the place of that which we have inherited, as one of the institutions of English common law. Be ready always to reform criminal procedure, but reject all schemes for revolution.

The German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Masterpieces of German Literature Translated into English. Vols. I, II, and III. Edited by Kuno Francke and William Guild Howard. New York: The German Publication Society.

German literature is still largely an unexplored field to those unfamiliar with the language, and to give English readers a survey of the classic writers through good translations is certainly a commendable plan. It must be said that the publishers of the work before us have, to judge from the first three volumes, missed a rare opportunity, though it is fair to add that the real work of the editors, whose names appear on the title-page, promises to become more apparent in the subsequent volumes. The intrinsic importance of what has so far been done scarcely justifies the elaborate apparatus of editors, especial writers, translators, and consulting boards of foreign authorities, that has been set in motion for this enterprise. We find in the three volumes translations, all well known, of several of the dramatic masterpieces of Goethe and Schiller, together with renderings, also old for the most part, of some of their poems and of various prose writings. Thus, we have of Goethe the "Iphigenia in Tauris," the entire "Faust" (minus, however, the "Dedication," the "Prologue on the Stage," and the "Prologue in Heaven"), the "Elective Affinities," and an extract from "Wilhelm Meister's Travels"; while of Schiller there is "The Death of Wallenstein" and "William Tell." Twenty-six poems by Goethe and fifteen by Schiller appear in the collection.

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Opinions will differ as to the selections made. Of Goethe we have neither "Der Gott und die Bajadère," nor "Die Braut von Korinth," nor "Der Zauberlehrling." The editors have done wisely in availing themselves of Anna Swanwick's translations of the "Iphigenia" and of "Faust," and of Ellen Frothingham's admirable rendering of "Hermann und Dorothea"; but there certainly was no need of including Lord Lytton's wooden version of "Der Graf von Habsburg."

Of fresh translations there is little in these volumes, and that none of the best, unless we except Charles Wharton Stork's spirited rendering of Goethe's "Greeting and Departure." On the whole, poetry fares better than prose at the hands of the translators, though Miss Julia Franklin's version of Goethe's "Shakespeare und kein Ende" deserves a word of praise; Professor Coleman's verse is far more idiomatic than Dr. Louis H. Gray's translation of Goethe's "Letters to Wilhelm von Humboldt and his Wife." The opening sentence of the first letter reads:

> How many an hour have I thought of you with genuine and lively interest; and nearly every time I have marvelled at the outrageous intention which correspondents can express, that when far apart they will write to each other once a month.

Such handling of Goethe's prose is unfortunately only too common with English translators. It is the irony of fate that halting phrases should be put into the mouth of the great German to whom the world owes the classic translation of Benvenuto Cellini's "Autobiography," of Diderot's "Le Neveu de Monsieur Rameau," of Manzoni's ode to "The Fifth of May," and Voltaire's "Mahomet" and "Tancrède." And how full of charm are his versions of the letters addressed to him by Carlyle and Walter Scott, and how sound his advice to translators!

The editors have prefixed to the first volume a General Introduction by the eminent critic, Prof. Richard M. Meyer, of the University of Berlin. In itself this is a valuable piece of writing, though by no means an exhaustive survey of the subject, and we fear it will not be found easily comprehensible by English readers unacquainted with the main currents of German literature. At all events, as here presented, what Professor Meyer has to say falls strangely on English ears. It may safely be said that no English or American writer on the subject would have expressed himself as Professor Meyer does. The following passage will make our meaning clear:

> On the whole, however, German lyric poetry is rather made up of simple formations in the style of the folk-song, especially since the important rhythmic transformation of this material by Heine created new possibilities for accommodating the inner form to new subject-matter without conspicuously changing the outer form. For two great simplifying factors have, since Goethe, been predominant in protecting our lyric poetry from unfruitful artificiality; the influence of the folk-song and the connection with music have kept it more full of vital energy than the too literary lyric poetry of the French, and richer in variety than the too cultivated lyric of the English. Whoever shut the door on the influences spoken of, as did Franz Grillparzer or Hebbel, and, in a different way, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff or Heinrich Leuthold, at the same time nullified a good part of his efficiency.

This is difficult reading, though probably a literal translation; what the English reader finds cloudy, the German accepts unhesitatingly in the original. The volumes contain valuable articles on Goethe and Schiller, by Prof. Calvin Thomas, and there are various other scholarly and readable critical notices.

It is to be hoped that succeeding volumes (there are to be twenty in all) may disclose greater originality and more striking merits than are discoverable in the three at hand. Much certainly is promised by the publishers. The external appearance of the work is that of the various voluminous anthologies of literature to which we have become accustomed. The paper is scarcely good enough, and the illustrations vary greatly in merit, some of them being very pleasing, while others are poor reprints.

Notes

Putnams publish this week "The Rise of the Novel: Johnson and his Circle," being Vol. X of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller, and "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence," by the Countess de Chambrun.

Among the new books which Revells are bringing out is "The Story-Life of the Son of Man," by Wayne Whipple.

The Oxford University Press announces for immediate publication "The Layman's Old Testament," which will be procurable in two volumes or one. It comprises the major part of the Old Testament, with selections from the Apocrypha, edited with brief notes by Canon Glazebrook. The text is that of the Revised Version, amended by the use of many of the marginal readings. Leviticus, Chronicles, Esther, Lamentations, and the Song of Solomon are omitted entirely, and also repetitions, passages in which the text is unintelligible, and certain Hebrew forms of speech which are too frank for modern taste and add nothing to the sense.

It is announced by the Henry Bradshaw Society of London that the introduction to the "Stowe Missal" is now in the press and that this work will be completed by the publication at an early date of the long-delayed second volume.

Professor Haverfield has enlarged the paper which he read as the Creighton Lecture to the University of London and also submitted in part to the London Conference on Town-Planning, and it is about to be published under the title "Ancient Town-Planning," by the Oxford University Press. Greek and Roman town-planning—in Italy and the Roman provincial towns—is dealt with, and there are also a chapter on Roman building laws, an appendix on town-planning in China, and thirty-six plans and other illustrations.

The seventh annual meeting of the American Association for Labor Legislation will be held at the Shoreham Hotel, in Washington, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 30 and 31. The programme this year, which includes a joint session with the American Political Science Association, will bring out prominently the plans of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, recently appointed by President Wilson.

Prizes amounting to $2,000 have been awarded to winners of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx essay contests for 1913. The first prize of $1,000 was won by Arthur E. Suffern, a graduate student of Columbia University, for a paper entitled "Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry in the United States." The second prize in the graduate contest was given to G. P. Watkins, formerly a graduate student of Cornell University, now of the Public Service Commission, New York city. He produced a paper entitled "Welfare as an Economic Quantity," and received a prize of $500. In the contest among undergraduates, the first prize of $300 went to Jenss Waldo Myers, Cornell University, for a paper entitled "Unemployment." The second prize for undergraduates, amounting to $200, was given to Fred W. Eckert of Northwestern University, who wrote an essay on "Government Regulation of Public Utility Securities."

Longmans have a new edition, in cheaper form, of Andrew Lang's "Maid of France."

The third edition of Jessie Thornley Clarke's "Songs of the South" (Doubleday, Page) differs from the first only in the omission of three poems: "All Quiet Along the Potomac" and "The Long Ago" having been shown to be wrongly credited, and the biographer of George D. Prentice having confessed error in attributing "A Name in the Sand" to that journalist. This excellent anthology contains many poems by minor Southern writers, from St. George Tucker to living hands, not conveniently to be found elsewhere.

We recall a preacher of a generation ago whose method of sermonizing was to choose one of the abstract virtues, such as faith or humility, and illustrate it by a *seriatim* application to the Biblical characters, beginning always with Adam. By a somewhat similar method, rather popular among the anthropologists, Lewis Leopold has built up a sizable volume on "Prestige," to which the publishers (Dutton) have given an imposing appearance. Mr. Leopold brings to his task a large store of reading, literary, historical, and anthropological, which makes some of his pages interesting, though more of them are dull, and the book as a whole seems pointless. To acquire prestige among your fellows you must be just above their comprehension. Prestige need not imply intrinsic excellence; it is none the

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less an important social force; but "persons of value" should not make prestige an end in itself. It should seem that so lame a conclusion might be demonstrated more briefly. The book abounds in obscure and ill-constructed sentences of a kind to suggest that the writer, though a man of culture, is not quite at home in the English language.

Rabindranath Tagore, now of Nobel prize fame, is, if the vulgar image may be permitted, making hay while the sun shines. In the *Nation* of November 20 his love poems, "The Gardener," were noticed, and now we have two further volumes from him. One of these, "The Crescent Moon" (Macmillan), is a book of "child-poems" prettily rendered into English from the original Bengali by the author himself. This volume has eight illustrations in color.

The other new book by Mr. Tagore is of a different character altogether. It is called "Sādhanā" (Macmillan), and is a study of the ancient Hindu philosophy of the Upanishads for modern use. We must say frankly that we do not take more pleasure in this adaptation than in most of the others of the same kind, whether they be produced by the various Hindu propagandist societies or by private Oriental gentlemen who have a passion for reconciling Jesus and Krishna, or by enthusiasts of the Occident who have gone astray in the mazes of the Vedānta.

A fair specimen of Mr. Tagore's philosophy may be found on page 28:

> To understand anything is to find in it something which is our own, and it is the discovery of ourselves outside us which makes us glad. This relation of understanding is partial, but the relation of love is complete. In love the sense of difference is obliterated and the human soul fulfils its purpose in perfection, transcending the limits of itself and reaching across the threshold of the infinite.

Which is pretty enough gush, though wofully trite. It may even have a parallel in some Sanskrit passage of the Upanishads or Brāhmanas, for anything may be found in those books, but it is about as far from their real spirit as the sunset is from the sunrise. We have here merely another illustration of the modern, rather flabby mysticism which is crusading over the world.

Most writers of travels are so cocksure of freshness and a new literary point of view that it is pleasant to find George Hamlin Fitch admitting, in "The Critic in the Occident" (Elder), to a mere journalistic motive. As in "The Critic in the Orient," his sketches are entertaining and clear, but serve their best purpose as the matrix of a wide array of photographs. Greece, Italy, and France are each shown in fifteen well-chosen plates, in sepia; London and New York have between them twenty more, and there are ten photographic inserts of scenes varying from Pompeii to Fifth Avenue. The word "critic" means only, in Mr. Fitch's words, that in long years as literary editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* he had so developed the "newspaper instinct" that to jot down observations upon his peregrinations was "as the breath of [his] nostrils."

"Self-Realization" (Holt), by Henry W. Wright, of Lake Forest College, is a fresh attempt to solve the difficult problem of introducing the undergraduate to the significance of moral philosophy. Following in general the course laid by T. H. Green, Professor Wright has steered clear of the Scylla of mere practical moralizing, but he has not escaped the Charybdis of abstractness and remoteness. One reason is that his handling of the ethical problem is not quite rigorous. Especially unsatisfactory is his treatment of the crucial problem of self-sacrifice. Does it pay to sacrifice self on behalf of social welfare? Mr. Wright seeks to prove that it does pay, and even that such a sacrifice would be recommended by an enlightened self-interest. In that case one fails to see why egoistic motives are condemned as inadequate. Mr. Wright offers no discoveries in the field of ethics. He is content to present the conventional morality of the more idealistic sort as final. The treatment of the subject is, however, comprehensive and well-ordered, and in these important respects the book is not ill-suited for its purpose as a text.

Prof. John M. Gillette's "Constructive Rural Sociology" (Sturgis & Walton) is a product of the growing interest in country life. There are not many essentials of rural existence about which we cannot here acquire solid information, and often helpful suggestion. The author has much to say concerning the types and the advantages and disadvantages of country life. He deals extensively with the economics of agricultural production, the question of the improvement of transportation and communication not being neglected. Rural health and sanitation, the task of making farm life attractive, the socialization of country life, each of these vital subjects is discussed sanely and sympathetically. The value of such a work cannot be overestimated by any one familiar with rural conditions in America. Economists and social philosophers continually preach a "return to the land," often without reflecting that a return to the land means the abandonment of much that "exalts and embellishes civilized life." If the conditions of rural life are still such as to repel those who have passed their lives in cities, it is a fair inference that they are unworthy of those who have clung to the land. Doubtless rural conditions are improving in many ways, as Professor Gillette instances; but that very much remains to be done to make country life as inspiring as it should be, is easily gleaned from these pages. The author has attempted to give the facts and conditions of country life a broad sociological interpretation, and has achieved no small measure of success. We know the farmer and his needs better than before.

"Louis XI and Charles the Bold" (Moffat, Yard), by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, is a journalesque and disjointed narrative of some 400 pages, based upon secondary accounts and an uncritical reading of Commines and other memoirs. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the subject, furnishes no new interpretation of the facts, and is not even a well-told story. The author has scarcely understood the odd mixture of qualities which goes by the name of Louis XI, and has done nothing more with him than to present, by means of cheap literary devices, some of the more superficial characteristics of the man. A good life of Louis XI in English would be welcome; but the present book may be safely ignored by serious students, while those who desire only entertainment will do well to go straight to the memoirs.

"Sirenica" (Lane), by W. Compton Leith, is by turns an apology and an indictment of the man-destroying sisters called Sirens. Their lay entices, not as the vulgar believe to sensual pleasure, but to dissent, hatred of common things, high adventure. The Sirens are the goddesses of romance, eternally disquieting a world whose interest it is to submit to classic restraint. A reasonable and enduring happiness can never come to him who has heard the Sirens sing—only a fleeting ecstasy and uncertain joy. Our author passes in review the course of the world, and finds it an attempt at reason and a quest of happiness ever thwarted by the fact that many of the best will follow instead illusion (or is it higher reality?) in the realm the Sirens rule. As might be expected from the author of "Apologia Diffidentis," the style is distinguished with a preciosity that at times becomes saccharine. The publisher has shown a sense of Mr. Leith's literary models in making the book with ruled pages, like a seventeenth-century duodecimo. This is in every way an unusual and delightful book for a fastidious reader. A quotation will show that Mr. Leith is by no means unqualifiedly the champion of the Sirens; at least, he gives fair warning of their hidden talons:

> Like the rule of some rigid order, the service of the Sirens chills human sympathy; theirs is a sequestering law, too strange to share with many. Every hour of abandonment, each adventurous escape, enfeebles the hold upon common life; the colors of love and dislike grow paler, as all is said to pale when a long sickness draws to its end, and the soul is near its passing. The surface of the mind dulls like a mirror of silver tarnished; the reflections that once played over it come no more; it is estranged from the old light and the moving images of the world. To one thus inhumanly entreated, all men become as travellers moving in the next room of the inn, arriving and departing, brought nearer or removed by a machinery of unshared indifferent fates. His nature is slowly frozen; a fatal coldness rises in him, as from that icy poison of Nonacris of which it is fabled that Alexander died.

Those contemplating a tour in Spain and Portugal cannot do better than provide themselves with "The Tourist's Spain and Portugal" (Dodd, Mead). The author, Ruth Kedzie Wood, has contrived to pack into her little book a surprising amount of information. This has the merit of being the result of her own researches; nothing seems to have been taken from other guide books. There is full information with regard to steamboats, railways, cab tariffs, history, art, local customs, and many other things of interest to the traveller. In the appendix is a list of recommended hotels. Even timetables are given showing the service rendered between principal points, together with the cost of tickets. In future editions the publishers would do well to correct the too numerous misspellings of foreign words. There are eight of these on page 52 alone. These trivial errors produce a bad impression and mar an otherwise admirable work.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's literary equipment consists principally of an acute observation

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and a gift of pungent expression. To these qualities must be added a singularly retentive memory, or, if not that, a habit of painstaking notation of impressions. He has little of the reforming zeal of Wells, still less of the romantic fire of Locke. The commonplace world, as he knows it, is, as he might say in the quotation marks that he finds so useful, "not half bad." There was a time, after "Clayhanger" made its appearance, when one thought of him as of one who held the promise of greatness, but of late years Mr. Bennett has settled down to a good workaday pace. It would be an exaggeration to say that he "adorns all that he touches," but at least he has the faculty of making most that he touches interesting. His method of arresting attention becomes at times a trifle mechanical, as might be expected of one who must turn out an almost incredible number of words per annum. The same tricks of style that appear in the novels appear again in "Your United States," and they crop up with even greater frequency in "Paris Nights" (Doran), his latest book of "impressions of places and peoples." It exhibits all Mr. Bennett's defects, but it exhibits his virtues as well. It is a bulky volume of attractive make-up and excellent type, containing a series of impressions gained in many parts of Europe; and most of it is very readable. At least half of the volume is devoted to his own land, and it is unquestionable that he writes best of what he knows best, which is the English middle classes. After spending a somewhat uninstructive evening with him at the Paris Variétés, or listening while he endeavors to convince himself that his native canniness is in peril of being overset by the meretricious attractions of Monte Carlo, it is a real relief to go with him again to the Potteries which he knows so well, to walk by his side along London's Embankment, or even to spend a day in his company at that North of England holiday inferno, Blackpool. Mr. Bennett's genius is domestic, and not the less admirable on that account, and he is at his best when explaining a mystery like the chronic tepidity of the hot water in the establishment of a "Mr. Smith," where the water, being heated by the kitchen range, is at its hottest at midday on Sunday, when nobody wants it, and at its coldest mornings and evenings, when everybody wants it; or when he is philosophizing on the household trials of "Mrs. Smith," and the problems presented by the case of Matilda, the maid-of-all work. "Paris Nights" is illustrated by E. A. Rickards, whose clever and spirited sketches add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

It is a pleasure to welcome the series of handsome, serviceable volumes which D. B. Updike at the Merrymount Press, Boston, is publishing in the Humanist's Library, edited by Lewis Einstein. The last volume to appear is Albrecht Dürer's "Records of Journeys to Venice and the Low Countries," issued under the editorship of Roger Fry. With the appearance of each number we feel tempted to praise at length the quality of paper, printing, and editing. Such care is not wasted when bestowed upon the large figures of the Renaissance who are the subjects of this rich Library, and is indeed no more than replacing them in the settings to which they were accustomed in their day. In some respects the letters from Venice, written in 1506 to Wilibald Pirkheimer are the most interesting part of the book. They have a touch of gayety which is lacking in the later journal. Dürer enjoys the society of the Venetian painters, at least of some of them. Bellini "has praised me highly to many gentlemen. He would willingly have something of mine, and came himself to me and asked me to do something for him, and said that he would pay well for it. . . . He is very old and yet he is the best painter of all." But some of the artists he calls "faithless, lying, thievish rascals," who are so jealous of him that they threaten his life. Dürer describes his one lesson in dancing and vows that it shall not be repeated, owing to the expense and his ineptness; he tells of precious stones and Greek books he has collected for Pirkheimer, and twits him on his loves, in the last instance furnishing a humorous drawing.

At the time of his journey to the Netherlands, 1520-1521, Dürer enjoyed an assured reputation and was on friendliest terms with Flemish painters. Yet we hear all too little of them on the personal side, rather too much space being given to the state of his finances. On one occasion he paid one stiver for a bath; on another he gave an attentive servant ten stivers as a tip, etc. There is one glowing passage based on rumors concerning Luther:

> On the Friday before Whitsuntide, 1521, tidings came to me at Antwerp that Martin Luther had been treacherously taken prisoner, for he trusted the Emperor Charles's herald, who had been granted to him with the Imperial safe conduct. . . . Immediately there appeared ten knights, who treacherously carried off the pious man, who had been betrayed; a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost, a follower of Christ and of the true Christian faith, and whether he lives yet or whether they have put him to death, I know not. If he has suffered, it is for the sake of Christian truth and because he has fought with the un-Christ-like papacy, which strives with its heavy load of human laws against the redemption of Christ.

He records a dinner with Erasmus, but without comment. Altogether, the journal gives the impression of a man somewhat conscious of his fame, yet of one who is painting quite as much for the money there is in it as for his love of it. The translation has been done by Rudolph Tombo. W. A. Dwiggins furnishes an attractive title-page, and Mr. Fry's introduction gives a comprehensive summary of Dürer's artistic achievements.

The artist who can write his own descriptive text and make the story of his travels as charming as his pictures is a rare person. At last one of his kind has visited the West Coast of South America, and the result is most satisfactory. A couple of years ago Ernest Peixotto took his sketch-book from Panama to Lima, Mollendo, Cuzco, and La Paz; then, retracing his steps, went up the Pacific Coast via Acapulco to the Golden Gate. The result is a delightful volume called "Pacific Shores from Panama" (Scribner), reminding one of Hopkinson Smith's ability to acquire accurate information, put it into pleasant English, and illustrate it with charming sketches. Mr. Peixotto has gone a step further, and, instead of limiting himself to somewhat disconnected travel essays, has told the whole story of his journey in an intimate manner. He makes no pretence at erudition or scholarship. There is no index, and the map is redolent of the era of the buccaneers. His volume is essentially of the gift-book type, and yet it is more than that, for the text of richly illustrated gift books is rarely as interesting and as trustworthy as in the present case. There are remarkably few misstatements. The author has succeeded also in catching that elusive will-o'-the-wisp "atmosphere." To those who are familiar with the West Coast the volume will be welcome, because it contains so many of those fleeting artistic scenes which the traveller's camera fails to get. While for those to whom the West Coast is still a *terra incognita* one could not wish a happier fate than that they should be introduced to the hospitable shores of Peru through the delightfully graphic pages of Mr. Peixotto.

"Rambles in Autograph Land" (Putnam), by Adrian H. Joline, is, as it were, the literary testament of a disappearing type of enthusiast. Autographs—meaning, of course, letters or literary manuscripts; Mr. Joline scorned the collecting of mere signatures—are on the one hand the trophies of a fascinating kind of hunt; on the other the clues to historic personalities. About half the book is given up to general considerations on collecting, the other half is a running commentary on Mr. Joline's own autograph collections with many facsimiles. Here whim rules supreme. The writers were so vivid to Mr. Joline that he patted them on the back, abused them, derided them, lauded them to the skies, as the mood demanded. Sometimes the comment is charmingly mellow, again tiresomely lengthy or crudely testy. Altogether it is a readable jumble, and an interesting memorial of a sturdy personality, but lightness of touch, the saving grace of such *abiblia*, is absent. One finds oneself reading along chiefly for tidbits like this from Frederick Locker-Lampson to Miss Collins, a poet's daughter, with a gift of earrings: "I am very glad you like the earrings. How is it that, your father being a poet, you never have had your ears bored?"

On the occasion of the first general meeting of the session of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, London, Mr. Ellis H. Minns read an important paper on certain Greek documents of the first century B. C., recently found in Western Media. Mr. Minns explained that the documents—three in number—were preserved out of a collection from near Avroman. The first and second were in Greek, but the third, which has not yet been deciphered, was probably in Pehlevi. The fact that the first two were written in Greek was interesting, because non-Egyptian was rare. It went to prove, what had been suspected by archæologists for some time past, namely, the existence of a strong element of Hellenism in the most eastern portion of the Seleucid empire. With regard to the contents of the documents, they were both conveyances of a vineyard called Dadbakabag. Each is, according to an ancient custom, in duplicate, the "close" version being tied up and sealed by the witnesses to prevent any tampering with it, the "patent"

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version, usually the fuller, being accessible. The dating formulæ give the titles of the Parthian Kings. One is of the time of Mithradates II, the other from the reign of Phraates IV. The names of the queens follow, three of Mithradates, two his sisters, the other a daughter of Tigranes; four of Phraates, including a Cleopatra, but not naming Musa. The place names are all unknown.

The death is reported from England of William Prideaux Courtney, who had a solid reputation especially as a biographer. He did considerable work for the "Dictionary of National Biography," and published a number of scholarly books, among them "Register of National Bibliography," 3 vols, "The Secrets of Our National Literature," and "Dodsley's Collection of Poetry."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

This season, it is well worth the parents' while to examine the delightful reprint of Anatole France's "Girls and Boys" (Duffield)—a book rendered distinctive by the charming color-plates of Boutet de Monvel. The text is full of that understanding of child life which will fascinate the grown reader, and gain the immediate sympathy of the young. The illustrations are by a master hand of simple line and color. The French has been feelingly translated. Altogether the combination is refreshing.

"Mother Goose" (Century) consists of a judicious selection of some of the old nursery rhymes, compiled and illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Each page is a clear example of well-placed type and wide margin, while the line drawings are among the best Mr. Rackham has done.

"Gulliver's Travels" (Harper) belongs to a series embracing such other well-known classics as "Robin Hood," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and "Tom Brown's School Days." It is introduced in the right spirit by W. D. Howells, and the illustrations by Louis Rhead, imitative of wood-cuts, convey an admirable idea of the marvels, large and small, which crowd this "supreme" story.

A companion to last year's "Treasure Island" is the present edition of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" (Scribner), with pictures by the same artist, N. C. Wyeth. It is difficult to find a more adventurous-looking volume, with the essential action of the story heightened by colored illustrations as piratical as they are dramatic.

An edition of similar artistic proportions is "Tales from Washington Irving's Traveller" (Lippincott), illustrated in color by George Hood, whose method is a combination of Howard Pyle's and Maxfield Parrish's. But the pictures are disappointing both in imaginative conception and in pictorial effect.

Once more is "The Arabian Nights" (Holt) subjected to selection and overhauling, this time by the judicious hand of Frances Jenkins Olcott, formerly supervisor of children's work in the Pittsburgh Carnegie Library. A brief preface indicates her excellent taste in using the same version, and her conscientious efforts to preserve as much of the original as lies within juvenile understanding. Several unfamiliar stories are included. Whatever the decorative format of "The Arabian Nights," there is not quite that flavor which the old-time wood-cut gave of men with baggy trousers and women with veiled faces.

An imported edition of Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" is sent forth by the T. Y. Crowell Company. This has been thoroughly illustrated by the English artist, George Soper.

It is interesting to note a tendency on the part of children's literature to follow lines similar to adult fiction. We have had many novelized dramas within recent years. This season finds two well-known plays converted into stories for the young. When Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" was produced at the New Theatre, while it was not regarded strictly as a play for children, at least it contained much child interest in it, and did, in fact, attract numberless young folk. It may even be safely conjectured that they caught the meaning of many of the mystic scenes. But Madame Maeterlinck has evidently thought there was room for the "Children's Blue Bird" (Dodd, Mead), a daintily bound, fat-looking volume, with pictures by Herbert Paus, rather than photograph scenes from the stage production. Much descriptive matter is used, with here and there a sprinkling of dialogue.

Florence Yates Hann has been more original in converting Rostand's "Chanticleer" into a kind of La Fontaine fable for children (Stokes). The work has been done in a skilful fashion, for, instead of rewriting the story, a straight narrative on the order of a minute synopsis has been made, with much relish of humor and much use of satire. Wherever the dialogue has been translated it has been done colloquially and well. Many a grown person will relish this juvenile book for the spirited manner in which the incidents have been utilized. The pictures by J. A. Shepherd are unfailingly in accord with the uniqueness and wisdom of the text. On its own merit the book deserves success.

"The Strange Story Book" (Longmans) is the last volume to receive the editorial care of Andrew Lang. It therefore contains a portrait of this caterer to childhood's folklore, and an introduction by Mrs. Lang telling something of the twenty-five years' service bestowed on the compilation of the many-hued series of story books. We have no reason to change our views regarding the use of ethnological matter for children whose time would be better spent with Grimm and Andersen. As usual, the outward garb of this volume is handsome.

To one reading "The White Duckling and Other Tales" (Crowell), translated by Nathan Haskell Dole, there may be some added zest in the fact that the stories have been collected by the Czar himself for the amusement of the Imperial children. Certain it is that the pictures by Bilibin are rich in color and imagination, at the same time that they are very Russian. This is a reissue of what has hitherto been known as "The Russian Fairy Book."

Emilie Kip Baker's "Stories of Old Greece and Rome" (Macmillan) is an excellent combination of mythology and literature. We are sadly wanting these days in a knowledge of Olympia, and as incapable of understanding allusion to the gods and goddesses as we are of placing Biblical references. The author has wisely compiled an appendix wherein poetic references are given, so that the reader may be accustomed to associate the names with literature. For example, after reading the story of Prometheus, told in a simple and agreeable manner, we are referred to Æschylus's "Prometheus Bound," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and to the poems on Prometheus by Longfellow and Lowell. Here is a Christmas gift that is a tonic for the weak imagination of the modern child.

"The Pipes of Clovis" (Little, Brown), written with freshness of style by Grace Duffie Boylan, is an interesting story of legendary character. Its hero is a forester's son who can play upon his pipes such music as to lure to him the beasts and birds of the land. Fortunate also that the lad discovers how to draw towards him all horses near and far, for a time arrives when his Queen is threatened by the Huns. The barbarians soon overflow the land, and this hero of ours, mounted upon a wild horse, whose feet are touched with magic swiftness, pipes the enemy out of the country and saves the day. A very holding story is this, and one above the ordinary.

The "Children's Book of Christmas Stories" (Doubleday, Page) has been compiled by Ada M. Skinner and Asa Don Dickinson to supply a want in the library. The frontispiece is that delightful color print by John Leech of Mr. Fezziwig's Ball in Dickens's "Christmas Carol." In the table of contents we find many old friends—as many as the law of copyright would allow.

Poetry is slimly represented this season. What there is of it, however, is of a marked kind. Frances Jenkins Olcott has compiled what she calls an anthology of "Story Telling Poems" (Houghton Mifflin), selected for story-telling and reading aloud, as well as for the children's own reading. There are many fables, myths, legends, tales, romantic or historical in treatment, so the editor argues, which, told in rhythmic form, are so logical in manner as to render it easy to retell the plots. Take, for instance, the sad career of "Augustus who would not have any Soup," as detailed by Dr. Heinrich Hoffman: the story possibilities in it are as striking as those in Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," in Cowper's "John Gilpin," and in Browning's "Pied Piper." For the benefit of those teachers who would emphasize the ethics in each poem, a subject index has been made. This is a judiciously planned little book, and no child could have a more competent guide than Miss Olcott.

E. Boyd Smith is an artist very much in demand. He seems to be the official illustrator for Houghton Mifflin. For a very richly manufactured edition of Scott's "Ivanhoe," he has done a number of colored full pages—pale in tint but sufficiently chivalric in conception. This volume exemplifies the belief that, given a popular exterior, Scott will be read as often as ever he was. The grown-up editions are much too severe in format and in paragraphing.

Peace-loving parents will frown upon H. G. Wells for writing "Little Wars" (Small, Maynard), but we personally cannot but delight in the science of warfare which he has reduced to terms of the nursery floor. Last year we hailed his "Floor Games" as much because they opened an infinite field of association between father and child as because they were delightfully described.

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Soldiers of tin and lead and wood, weapons such as an elastic garter, a pea-shooter, a rubber ball—and an untrammelled floor! Follow the rules of the game as Mr. Wells frames them, and you will have an exciting round of military tactics and strategy—what he calls "tin murder." It is to be hoped that squeamish parents will not let their children miss such fun.

The more conventional type of book now claims our notice—the book of advice, more practical than Cobbett's sanctimonious guidance, less biographical than Smiles's "Self-Help." Lily R. Foxcraft has written the typical commonplaces in "While You Are a Girl" (Pilgrim). The text is perfect enough in its model attitude to turn the saintliest young person bad. Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick's "My Boy and I" (Dana Estes) is better, and is tempered with a sense of humor. She particularly addresses the mother who has not yet realized that the son has a definite place in the household—the right to have his friends and to cultivate his interests.

There is only a step from *being* to *doing* in our present-day children's literature. That is why A. Russell Bond's "With Men Who Do Things" (Munn) will particularly appeal to the ambitious boy. For it discusses all the engineering activities to be seen in or near a city, and one gets a clear idea of many of the marvels occurring right before our eyes. Unfortunately, the romance of skyscrapers, of foundation building, of water tunnelling, and other similar activities is marred by an artificial story dealing with two boys who witness the wonders described.

Science

Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist: His Life and Works. By H. W. Dickinson. New York: John Lane & Co. $3 net.

This biography has been written to do justice to a famous inventor, who has, perhaps, been overestimated by American biographers, and has not received proper credit from English writers. When it is recalled that Fulton spent some of the most important years of his life in England, it is not so surprising that we should be indebted at last to an English writer for an impartial survey of his life.

Fulton's life in England as an artist is considered carefully, as it was a period of great influence on his character. Mr. Dickinson evidently believes that he abandoned his profession and turned suddenly to that of engineering because of the conviction that he could never become more than a respectable artist. His American biographers are prone to give the impression that Fulton at once became a successful engineer and inventor. But Mr. Dickinson's analysis of the work of these years shows it rather as a foundation for future attainments. Exceedingly fertile in ideas though he might be, he needed time to learn what others had done.

Fulton's real work began in his long visit to France. Perceiving that war was the chief occupation of the country, he conceived the idea of attacking ships with submarines armed with explosives which could be attached to the hulls of vessels. Mr. Dickinson's account of the long endeavor to perfect the submarine is most interesting, and the appreciation of Fulton's genius in this invention, of his scientific spirit, and of his daring and surprising success in building and operating his submarines, is accurate and just. Fulton's persistence was indefatigable, and, though a foreigner and unknown, he managed to hold the attention of officials of all ranks, and even finally interested Napoleon, who not only appointed so eminent a commission as Volney, Monge, and Laplace to report on the invention, but also gave a grant of money and offered an opportunity to try his "torpedoes" against the English ships.

Then, just as Fulton's hopes were highest, came the bitter disappointment of neglect and dismissal. Mr. Dickinson gives as the probable reason for this action of Napoleon, the conviction that, however brilliant the experiment, it was only an experiment. He says:

> Napoleon was ready and anxious to employ any means known to science to further his ends, but it was no part of his policy to take up anything that had not been put into practice successfully. He allowed Fulton to work out his invention just to that point where he could judge whether or not it would be of use to him, and having convinced himself that it could not, dropped the matter without hesitation. And he was right; Fulton's series of experiments, brilliant though they were, only showed that until a motor could be developed capable of working under the restrictions imposed, further progress was impracticable. For this development the world had to wait many years longer.

The remainder of Fulton's life was spent on the problem of steam navigation, which he was destined to solve so brilliantly. Disgusted with the failure of his submarines, he must undoubtedly have felt that the great need for such boats was something better than muscular power to propel them. Thus his failure led him to his great work. With undiminished energy he obtained the financial aid of Chancellor Livingston and plunged into the designing and building of a steamboat. After many mishaps, the public trial of the first steamboat took place on the river Seine. Mr. Dickinson could find only a brief reference to it in one of the Paris newspapers, which recorded that, "On the 21st Thermidor (9th August, 1803) a trial was made of a new invention, of which the complete and brilliant success should have important consequences for the commerce and internal navigation of France. . . ."

But Fulton and Livingston had no intention of remaining in France; they were looking forward to the sure reward which awaited them in America. Fulton soon left for England, where he acquainted himself with what English engineers were doing and where he obtained from Boulton and Watts an engine for his boat. At last, after nineteen years of absence, he returned to his native land and finished his life-work. Mr. Dickinson gives Fulton ample credit for the way in which he met and overcame obstacles of all kinds, but he sets rather undue emphasis on his executive ability, which withdraws the attention from his inventive originality. He thinks that the English were so far advanced in steam engineering that it could have been but a few years before they would have solved the problem. But the same can be said of almost any invention, and the fact is that English engineers had tried and failed, whereas Fulton succeeded. Fulton's calculations and plans, as presented by Mr. Dickinson himself, are the most convincing evidence of Fulton's inventive genius.

From the days of "Wake-Robin," which John Burroughs wrote while a government clerk in Washington, to "The Summit of the Years" (Houghton Mifflin), his latest volume of essays, is a matter of above four decades—decades stretching back into that Mid-Victorian era of complacency, propriety, and signal achievement, and forward into this age of science of which Mr. Burroughs confesses that he, too, at times feels "the weary weight." His latest book differs little from his first. The new vintage is, all things considered, quite as good as the older ones, for if it leaves one somewhat more solemn, one enjoys nevertheless the old mingled tranquillity and exhilaration. The first essay, in the author's most confidential and at the same time most urbane mood, contains an Emersonian sentence that summarizes a large part of Mr. Burroughs's philosophy: "What I meet in life, in my walks, or in my travels, which is akin to me, or in the line of my interests and sympathies, that sticks to me like a burr, or, better than that, like the food I eat." Another essay, "In the Noon of Science," marks a shift in emphasis since the author's previous volume, "Time and Change," in which science was conceived as tending to crush out religion and poetry; now, the fault turns out to be ours—we, not science, are found wanting, for where is that "mental robustness, or spiritual joy and vigor, that enables one to transmute and spiritualize science"? (Perhaps, after all, the scientific spirit has spirited it away.) Although "science and poetry go hand in hand" in that "they transform and illuminate the common," life in America is "undoubtedly the ugliest and most materialistic that any country or age ever saw." Verily, Mr. Burroughs is cheerful rather than cheering.

A large section of Mr. Burroughs's book—five or six of the fourteen essays—is given up to a highly repetitious discussion of the

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animal mind. Relying on the term "instinct," even though the "new psychology" is inclined to avoid the word, Mr. Burroughs stoutly maintains, as he has maintained for years, that "we reason for the brute"; and he professes scant interest in the laboratory study of animal psychology. He entertains, indeed, a general suspicion of elaborate paraphernalia, of "pother and appliances and tiresome calculations," and exclaims (as he well may): "With what desperate thoroughness the new men study the birds."

From Mr. Burroughs's essays, and from most "nature books," Dr. Townsend's "Sand Dunes and Salt Marshes" (Dana Estes) differs in being a sober account, in the manner of Gilbert White, of the innumerable interesting phenomena which the Massachusetts coast, particularly at Ipswich, has disclosed to the author in almost forty years. Half of the dozen chapters deal with the changes in the formation of dunes, and with the birds and flora and the harbor seal that are characteristic of the Ipswich dunes; most of the other half are devoted to a similar study of salt marshes. This book one may well find refreshing, as Lowell found Gibbon, through the writer's "honest incapacity of imagination." It contains an index, and is heavily loaded with illustrations from photographs.

A writer of conspicuously less hard sense than either of the foregoing is Stanton Davis Kirkham, whose somewhat trivial view of nature is again exemplified in "North and South" (Putnam). Despite the title, the book is not complementary to the author's "East and West," in which both North and South were already amply represented. Moreover, the mode of treatment is dissimilar, since in the present volume two localities are studied, and in the earlier volume about a dozen. The two places are Pine Bank in western New York, where the writer spends his summers, and Milford in South Carolina, whither he goes each winter to "be with my friends the birds." Mr. Kirkham's theory is that each part of our country has a delightful "atmosphere," or "spirit," which is unique, an atmosphere that is expressed by certain trees and birds, such as the white pine and the Carolina wren, and that it behooves us, as loyal citizens and true images of God, to have fellowship with these atmospheres. Every part of the country has its peculiar fascination; imagine Mr. Kirkham exclaiming with Mr. Burroughs, "Oh, the flat, featureless, monotonous, cornstalk-littered Middle West!" Though his writing sometimes has charm, the following sentence is only a little worse than others: "To truly associate with plants and birds means to completely lend one's self to them, to frequent their haunts almost as they do themselves."

The latest style in the out-of-doors life seems to prescribe an open barn door. Mr. Burroughs's essay entitled "A Barn-Door Outlook" begins: "I have a barn-door outlook because I have a hay-barn study, and I chose a hay-barn study because I wanted a barn-door outlook." We should not, therefore, be shocked by the novelty of the title of Mr. W. P. Eaton's book, "Barn Doors and Byways" (Small, Maynard), whatever we may think of the jocund but unlovely "Gift Book" binding in gold and milk white. It is worth noting that, whereas Mr. Burroughs desires his barn-door outlook in order that he may have "a wide, near view," Mr. Eaton desires his in order to have his scenery properly framed—"there was the picture, perfectly composed, the soul of the pasture caught." Mr. Eaton insists that he is not a naturalist, and that "a great deal of gush is written about birds," and he wisely confines himself to vivacious description and reminiscence. Though devoid of intellectual weight and emotional intensity, his essays are very agreeable reading on account of the vividness of the pictures which he carefully composes for us, and of the sensations and sentiments aroused in him by roads and rivers, harbors and swamps, abandoned farms, and Berkshire winters. The illustrations—drawings by Walter King Stone—are for the most part capital, and are thoroughly in accord with the mood of the book.

"The Stars and Their Stories" (Holt), by Alice Griffith, is a book for young people, containing an excellent collection of star-lore, with much likelihood of reflex helpfulness to literature as well as science. The author would seem to have brought together comprehensively from every source, excerpting widely and wisely; and her pen collaborator, Margaret Burroughs, has aided greatly in visualizing the asterisms referred to. Here and there a classic painting is introduced, with a few technical photographs; and at the end are maps of mid-latitude skies, though far from being as good as they ought to be. We have Addison and Aratus, Browning and Bryant, Carlyle and Catullus; also Hood and Hawthorne, Lowell and Longfellow, Taylor and Turner, with Richard Proctor and Edward Everett not neglected, the dignified address of the last named at the dedication of the Dudley Observatory in Albany half a century ago being appropriately adapted. Here, too, is Macaulay's "Battle of Lake Regillus," a much too lengthy lay sung at the feast in honor of Castor and Pollux. The interesting little book concludes with Galileo's account of his first telescope, translated from the *Sidereus Nuncius*, and cannot fail to turn starward old and young alike.

Sir Robert Stawell Ball, Lowndean professor of astronomy and geometry at Cambridge University, England, and for the last twenty-one years director of the Cambridge Observatory, died last week in London. He was born in Dublin in 1840, son of Robert Ball, a well-known naturalist, and was educated at Abbott's Grange, Chester, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He devoted himself throughout his college course to mathematical and physical studies, and graduated in 1861 as university student in mathematics. In 1867 he was appointed to the chair of applied mathematics in the Royal College of Science, just established in Dublin, and in 1868 director of the Science and Art Museum in that city. He became a fellow of the Royal Society in 1873, and professor of astronomy in the University of Dublin and royal astronomer of Ireland in 1874, which posts he held until 1892, when he was chosen for the Cambridge chair. He was made scientific adviser to the Commissioner of Irish Lights in 1884, and at various times he was president of the Royal Astronomical Society, of the Mathematical Association, and of the Royal Zoölogical Society of Ireland. He received the degree of LL.D. from Dublin, and was knighted in 1886 by Queen Victoria. Sir Robert visited America in 1901-02 and again in 1907. On the first visit he delivered a series of lectures under the direction of the late Major J. B. Pond, and lectured also at several universities and before various learned societies. He published many memoirs on mathematical, astronomical, and physical subjects, and the following works on astronomy: "A Treatise on Spherical Astronomy," "The Story of the Heavens," "Starland," "In Starry Realms," "In the High Heavens," "Time and Tide," "The Earth's Beginning," and "Popular Guide to the Heavens."

Drama

Thoughts and After-Thoughts. By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50 net.

This is a clever, witty, and entertaining book, but it is also disingenuous, because, in maintaining its particular thesis, it studiously ignores, or misrepresents, the chief argument of its opponents. Professing to deal with many topics, the one object of it is to justify the system of spectacular production of Shakespearean and other classic plays adopted by the author, the well-known manager of His Majesty's Theatre, in London, and to establish his claim to be regarded as the leading living interpreter and preserver of the poetic drama. The points of his own brief, scattered through various chapters, may be summarized as follows: Starting from the proposition that Shakespeare is not for an age, but for all time, he argues that he must be considered not only as an ancient but a modern author, and that therefore his works are entitled to whatever illusionary advantage may be conferred upon them by the latest devices of modern theatrical illustrative art. He quotes passages from the speeches of Chorus in "Henry V"—with a curious misapprehension of their actual drift—to show that Shakespeare bemoaned the absence of such appliances. What he meant, of course, was that all such defects must and might be supplied by the imagination. Sir Herbert holds that it is easier to believe in ships and armies, the splendors of pageantry, etc., when you can see them. As for the cutting and transposition of the text, that he asserts—not without plausibility—must have been common in Shakespeare's own day. Certainly, it is true that in doing this he has only followed authoritative precedent. Furthermore, he contends that the text itself, of which the most vital parts are scrupulously respected, is reinforced by this illuminative treatment. Upon mere literary enthusiasts—ideal-

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ists as he calls them—who are in favor of a modest or "adequate" scenic equipment for such masterworks, he pours out all the vials of his contempt. Finally—and he seems to think it an unanswerable argument—he adduces his box-office receipts as evidence that the mass of public opinion is on his side.

Now, much of this, or even all of it, may be true, but none of it touches the real issue. There are, of course, those who believe that the sublimest creations of Shakespeare's genius can be enjoyed best in the closet. They may be left out of the question. Among theatre-goers, even of the most intelligent sort, very few object to scenery in itself, or would deny the possibility of its aid to illusion. What the real Shakespeare-lover—not necessarily a deep student—does object to most vehemently, is the unnecessary elaboration of scenery at the expense of the text and the art of acting, which it is the prime function and privilege of the theatre to foster and develop. Herein lies the gist of the charge which the most competent critics, since the days of Charles Kean, the first actor-manager who used the glitter of tinsel to blind the eyes of his patrons to his histrionic deficiencies, have preferred against his successors and imitators, including Sir Herbert Tree. And it is this vital nub of the whole matter that our essayist most carefully avoids. He discourses, with much glib unction, of the glories of his art, of the archæological and historical value of his pictorial decorations and his triumphant materialization of poetic visions, but concerning the acting, the actual interpretation of the plays themselves, he preserves, possibly from motives of modesty, a discreet silence. And yet, when the honor, and popularization, of Shakespeare is the aim, this is the all-important point. Sir Herbert himself, presumably, if pressed, would admit so much. This axiom granted, it follows, as a natural and inevitable corollary, that, in every Shakespearean production conducted on sound artistic principles, the principal character should be entrusted to the actor most capable of interpreting it. Sir Herbert, therefore, in protesting that his policy is the right one, virtually asserts his own preëminence as the interpreter of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, and Falstaff. This claim, to say the least, is not supported by the bulk of the best critical opinion. It is only fair to add that in this arbitrary and egotistical preëmption of the most conspicuous parts he has simply followed the system of which he is so ardent an advocate. Incidentally, he has also touched upon its most obvious and mischievous fallacy. The very stress that he lays upon the attractive powers of spectacle suggests an uneasy suspicion that his success has been managerial rather than Shakespearean. And this has always been the verdict of the best equipped jurors.

With respect to the "illusion" upon which he insists so persistently, it may be remarked that of this quality there are two kinds in the theatre, the merely visual, which is created by costumes and pictures, and the intellectual and emotional, which is established by veracious and inspired acting, and which is virtually independent of scenic artifice. It is of the latter, of course, that Shakespeare speaks. What has been the chief source of illusion at His Majesty's, the acting of Sir Herbert or its gorgeous background? Unfortunately, no analysis of box-office figures can answer that query. But of what Shakespearean character has Sir Herbert been generally acknowledged as the best living representative, and which of his representations has been commended especially for its Shakespearean spirit? His book provokes these interrogations. How does his work as a Shakespearean devotee compare with that of F. R. Benson, who has produced, throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, for thirty years, nearly all the plays of the poet, in the miserably "adequate" method to which Sir Herbert is so superior—maintaining, meanwhile, a practical dramatic school which has supplied the English stage with nearly all the rising young actors on whom the hope of a future theatrical revival rests? He has never found sumptuous adornment necessary to the creation of illusion or the reinforcement of the text. An actor and a student, not a showman, knowing that the play is the thing, he abjures excesses in upholstery, saves as much as possible of the written word, and demonstrates the modernity of "Hamlet" by giving it, in his simple fashion, without cuts or transpositions, and drawing appreciative audiences. It is men like Benson, William Poel, the Greets, and Granville Barker who best serve the cause of Shakespeare.

In the Masterpieces of English Drama (American Book Co.) has appeared "Philip Massinger," edited by Lucius A. Sherman, of the University of Nebraska. The small volume contains "The Roman Actor," "The Maid of Honor," "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and "Believe As You List," together with a competent introduction, notes, and glossary.

Israel Zangwill has recently finished a three-act play, to which he has given the title "Plaster Saints." The chief issues are of a grave character, but their seriousness is leavened by an element of comedy. The piece has been acquired by Gaston Mayer, who hopes to produce it at a London West End theatre early in the coming year.

The Bushey Repertory Theatre has begun operations in England, with a programme consisting of three pieces, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by Bernard Shaw; "The Unseen Helmsman," by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, and "The Maharani of Arakan," by Rabindranath Tagore and George Calderon. Two further performances are promised during the season, apart from meetings, debates, and lectures, while Arthur Bourchier has offered the use of the Garrick for a matinée. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre also is making a fresh start with "Candida" and "The Critic," and a lecture by John Drinkwater on the subject of "Repertory Theatres."

Arthur Bourchier has procured a piece, in four acts, by Herr Paul Lindau, entitled "Der Anderer." A French adaptation, called "Le Procureur Hallers," is at the Théâtre Antoine. Although there is a certain similarity between the main idea of "Der Anderer" and that of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the story, its incidents, and characters are widely different from those in Robert Louis Stevenson's book. Moreover, Herr Lindau's play ends happily, in marked contrast to the tragic conclusion of Stevenson's story.

Music

Chopin the Composer. By Edgar Stillman Kelley. New York: G. Schirmer. $1.60.

Chamber Music. By Thomas E. Dunhill. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.20 net.

In the field of musical literature Mr. Kelley's volume on Chopin is the most original and valuable book of the year; in some respects, moreover, it is the most important of all the monographs on this great and popular composer. Time was when the learned musicians condescendingly patted Chopin on the back as a writer of pleasing drawing-room pieces of the better sort, who, to be sure, indulged in daring feats and irregularities that deserved censure. The eminent German critic, Rellstab, found him "inexhaustible in his ear-splitting discords, forced transitions, harsh modulations, ugly distortions of melody and rhythm." Others conceived of his pieces as being the result of a mental condition akin to the morbid process in a mollusk which yields pearls. An English critic declared that Chopin's sojourn in Paris "exerted a salutary influence on his art, inasmuch as it toned down his Arabian howl." Others of the wise men admitted the subtle charm of his music, but denied that it had any scientific basis; one of these critics being Niecks, Chopin's most elaborate biographer. A prominent virtuoso spoke to Mr. Kelley of Chopin as the greatest composer for the piano, adding: "But, of course, he was no musician like Brahms."

This general estimate of Chopin afforded a striking illustration of the academic superstition that science and charm of style are incompatible. Liszt was the first to divine that Chopin's music was intellectual as well as sensuous and emotional; that its harmonic tissue was "both original and erudite"; that his

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works mark "an epoch in the formation of style"; that one might advantageously "dissect his magnificent pages, which afford so rich a field for scientific observation." He did not, however, himself undertake this task, and it has remained for Mr. Kelley to do it. No one could be better qualified, for he is not only one of America's foremost and most erudite composers, but he has the gift of expressing himself clearly. His theme is the structural art of Chopin and its influence on contemporaneous composers. While others have hinted at these things, Mr. Kelley is the first who does not content himself with brief remarks, but discusses the topic thoroughly, citing passage after passage, in parallel columns, as it were, to prove his assertions.

All music composed since the thirties and forties of the last century shows, Mr. Kelley is convinced, Chopin's influence, either directly or indirectly. Even Wagner is not an exception; he admired what he called the "equipoise of means and ends" in Chopin as much as he did in Palestrina or in Mozart, and the examples cited by Mr. Kelley show beyond a doubt that he was strongly influenced by the chromatic progressions of Chopin; indeed, Wagner's "kinship to the Polish master is as evident as his relationship to Beethoven."

Particularly interesting and novel are Mr. Kelley's remarks on Chopin's attitude towards the orchestra. He is commonly supposed to have been almost a bungler in this department of composition, but in truth he actually anticipated some fine orchestral effects of the future, as when he added a trombone to the score of his E minor concerto—"an unheard-of procedure in concerted music." With plausible ingenuity Mr. Kelley makes it seem probable that the main reason why Chopin wrote so little for the orchestra was that the intensely chromatic character of his music made it unavailable for that purpose till chromatic horns and trumpets had been introduced by Wagner.

While this is more or less conjectural, Mr. Kelley establishes beyond a doubt that Chopin not only mastered the sonata form, but contributed fresh and important elements, opened new vistas, and introduced features which greatly increased the difficulty of treatment, as compared with the simple melodic curves of the classical school. "So absolutely did Chopin absorb the *spirit* of the sonata, so completely did he acquaint himself with every device known to the craft, that all his greater works became *sonatafied*." These great works are coming more and more to the front. Among them are the mazurkas, which have not been heretofore as popular as the valses, chiefly because of their exotic accents and harmonies. When Paderewski or Hofmann plays one of these mazurkas it mystifies audiences as much as it enchants them by its exotic, orchid-like features. Mr. Kelley devotes several pages to showing how Chopin was one of the first of the moderns to introduce novel harmonic effects by using the old Ionian, Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and other modes, thus anticipating Debussy.

Attention should be called to one more of Mr. Kelley's theses, which is important as a corrective of the general tendency of professional musicians to accept German art as the world-language and to look on all other music as lacking universality. The author shows how Chopin manifested Polish, French, Italian, German, and Oriental traits, "thus enabling him, in a certain sense, to speak a more universal tone language than Bach or Beethoven."

It would have been well if the author of "Chamber Music" could have read and digested Mr. Kelley's great book before he wrote his own. Like many, if not most, professionals, he labors under the delusion that perfect form in music is a German specialty. Chopin wrote a trio and a sonata for piano and violoncello which have never been surpassed for musical beauty, but Mr. Dunhill does not even refer to them. Another master of form and style, Grieg, is cited in these pages chiefly to show how not to do it (from the German point of view). These shortcomings, however, should not prevent students from consulting this volume. German masters undoubtedly did contribute the bulk of the world's best chamber music, and of this Mr. Dunhill gives an excellent account, taking up in succession the string quartet, the string trio, quintet, sextet, etc.; strings with piano; wind instruments, and larger combinations approximating orchestral size but not too large to be played in a private room. Of timely interest is the chapter on wind instruments, as this species of chamber music is coming more into favor every year. While intended chiefly for writers of chamber music, listeners will find much in these pages a knowledge of which will increase their pleasure in listening to concerts.

The conductor who did more than any one else to educate Parisians to like Wagner got the money he needed for teaching them from his father-in-law, a wealthy manufacturer of a hair tonic. One is reminded of this by the appointment of a new director of the Paris Grand Opera, Jacques Rouché, who has made a fortune by the manufacture of perfumery. He will doubtless be called upon to draw on his bank account, notwithstanding the $160,000 which the Opera gets from the Government annually; for, apart from "Faust" and "Carmen," there are hardly any operas, excepting some of Wagner's, that pay their own way in Paris. The latest manager to discover this is Gabriel Astruc, who has decided to close his new Théâtre des Champs-Elysées because of his deficits. At first everything went well. Russian singers and dancers drew large audiences last spring. It was hoped that the production of neglected operas, such as Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," Weber's "Freischütz," Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," would keep the ball rolling, but it didn't. Wagner's operas would no doubt have helped, but they have not been available, as the copyright does not expire till January.

The youthful prodigy, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, whose compositions have, within a short space of time, found a hearing in all parts of the musical world, and the quality of whose indisputable talent is still a matter of general discussion, has recently published a new piano and violin sonata that was played a short time ago in Vienna by two prominent artists, Flesch and Schnabel. Very pretentious, monstrously difficult, and inordinately long, the general impression it left behind was of tedium, however flattering the rapturous applause may have been, part of which may, perhaps, be set down to spontaneous enthusiasm, but part, also, to the consideration for the boy's father, the leading critic of the leading Austrian paper.

Work has begun in San Francisco on the construction of a million-dollar music hall which will seat 11,000 persons, and be headquarters for a "continuous music festival" during the time of the Panama Exposition. There will be pageants, orchestral concerts, folk-lore concerts, interstate and international competitions, and other entertainments, prominent among which will be a Welsh Eisteddfod. Prizes are offered for choral and instrumental works.

Prof. Ellsworth C. Phelps, teacher of music in the public schools of Brooklyn, died on Saturday at the age of eighty-six. He was the composer of more than five hundred pieces of music, including "Hiawatha," a symphony in five movements; "Emancipation Symphony," a light opera entitled "David," and thirty or more orchestral compositions.

Adolf Schlösser, who is dead in his eighty-third year, was a pianist of considerable note, and for many years a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, London. He composed chamber-music, piano studies, and songs. His father was Louis Schlösser, who was a friend of Beethoven's.

Art

"Japanese Flower Arrangement: Ike Bana Applied to Western Needs" (Lane), by Mary Averill, is a prettily printed quarto with numerous outline illustrations. The author follows not the more abstruse and artificial canon of the school of Enshiu-Ryu, but the simpler and more informal methods of Koshin-Ryu. These are still sufficiently conventional for a Western taste. The requirements of a good arrangement are, that it should be clear, tripartite, asymmetrical yet balanced, and that it should suggest the season and give a sense of growth. The arrangement should also be in a definite proportion to the flower holder. All this is different enough

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from the Western flower lover's ideal of masses of roses in midwinter. The directions are simple and explicit, the diagrams clear and often intrinsically delightful. An especial advantage of the system is that very acceptable arrangements may be made with branches in the absence of flowers. To follow the text and diagrams would be a novel recreation for any flower lover, and as well a disciplinary exercise in taste.

"Early English Water Colour" is the latest addition to McClurg's Little Books on Art ($1 net). The author, C. E. Hughes, has made a pretty complete list of all English *aquarellists born before* 1820, and has clearly analyzed the style of the more prominent. The book perforce falls into the form of a condensed critical and biographical chronicle, and is somewhat hard reading. As a pocket manual for the tourist collector it has evident advantages. There is a colored frontispiece besides thirty-six other illustrations.

Although John La Farge had long planned to write on the chief pictorial representations of the Gospel stories, "The Gospel Story in Art" (Macmillan; $5 net) was his last work, dictated in invalidism and left in an incomplete condition. The story of Christ is followed chronologically, but the pictures are introduced as the occasion suggests. Usually Giotto is the starting point and Rembrandt the end, but whenever possible Delacroix is introduced. Holman Hunt's Light of the World serves as a cover design, but concerning the religious painting of the Pre-Raphaelite there is significant silence. This cannot be reckoned among La Farge's important books, yet it is delightful in a rambling way and not without flashes of his rare wisdom. One reads it not for systematic information, here it is defective enough, but for a rather casual sort of enlightenment. There are many illustrations, and it should be an acceptable gift to a cultured person. There are a good many slips owing to lack of final revision. A few of the more important, waiving contestable or negligible matters of attribution, we subjoin. It would be difficult to find a Doubting Thomas in the work of Giotto or a Christ among the Doctors in that of Botticelli. Bianchi Ferrari (p. 244) is converted into Gaudenzio Ferrari; the doors of Beneventum (p. 251) into Bonaventura. The text calls for Tintoretto's Crucifixion at S. Cassiano, but the Crucifixion of S. Rocco is reproduced. It would have been a convenience to the reader and a safeguard against such slips if the location of the picture had been given.

There is scarcely a topic connected with the Nile-land upon which any one is more competent to write than is Gaston Maspero, the director-general of the Service of Antiquities of Egypt. Hence, when a work is published by him such as "Art in Egypt" (Scribner), one feels assured that the subject has been covered with clearness and thoroughness. The book itself, with its five hundred and sixty-five half-tone illustrations, convinces one that every facility has been placed at the disposal of the reader. The only criticism that can be offered is that the illustrations are very often separated from the corresponding text by several pages. Doubtless this is to be excused on account of the large number of pictures. But at the same time the reader may, by taking the pains to examine the illustrations referred to, find almost every statement of the text verified pictorially. Unless this is done one has a sense of being swamped in detail. The historical plan which underlies the treatment is the true one and it serves to bring out the element of progress and development so often denied to exist in the art of Egypt. In fact, it has been feasible to write a true history of Egyptian art, and particularly to illustrate it, only within a few years, because it has only been possible to represent its artistic efforts faithfully within a decade or so. The old engravings of the earlier books were almost invariably no more than caricatures of the originals. Such reproductions as were given in such monumental works as Lepsius's "Denkmäler" were highly conventionalized and quite untrue to the varieties and variations of the actual work. Not till the introduction of the half-tone was it possible to show the fineness of the execution attained by the Egyptian artist, whose low reliefs were characterized by almost infinitesimal gradations of surface level. With this book in hand one scarcely needs to visit the various museums which store the chief treasures of Egyptian art.

As contrasted with the foregoing, another volume on "Egyptian Art" (Appleton), also by Maspero, has a double value. The book is made up of translations of twenty-five magazine articles published at various times, some dated as far back as 1890, some undated, dealing with as many topics connected with the art and archæology of Egypt. The majority have to do with various pieces of statuary and examples of the goldsmith's work in jewelry and plate. Each article may be regarded as an excursus upon some topic in the smaller book, while nearly all of the 107 illustrations have a special value on account of their larger size and greater detail. The second respect in which the book has considerable value is historical. The articles reflect the views entertained during the past quarter of a century or more, while the footnotes call attention to the changes which investigation has made meanwhile. There are two points on which the emphasis is laid: first, the proof of the existence of local schools of art at various centres and the absence of that uniformity with which Egyptian art has been charged; and, secondly, the fact that almost without exception the objects described had to do with the theological views of the makers or owners of them. Comparatively few can be dissociated from the Egyptian belief in the future life. The statues were portraits, so that the disembodied spirit might readily recognize its proper abiding place, its place of residence and retreat; the funereal objects served to secure the possession of the things represented in the land of shades. There are repetitions in the articles, as might be expected from the method and order of their original preparation and publication. These have been retained purposely, since they are historically true and also since they serve to record the reiterations which were needed to convince the skeptical of the truth of the positions advanced. Censure is due for adherence to the French method of transcription of proper names in an English version, which serves to confuse the layman hopelessly and in many cases almost completely to hide the real identity of the person intended.

In "Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and Designer of Landscapes" (Houghton Mifflin) a landscape architect of distinction, Mr. Warren H. Manning, has associated his labors with those of a physician and scholar, Dr. W. A. Lambeth, of the University of Virginia. The handsome volume which embodies the result of these labors is a contribution of great importance to the documented history of our national architecture, for it is based throughout on original sources in the archives of the University of Virginia and elsewhere, checked at every point by a careful study of the buildings themselves. The outcome of these investigations reveals Jefferson as no mere amateur and dilettante, copying the details of antique or Palladian models and relying upon others, with a more practical training, to work out his ideas, but as a real architect who combined scholarly erudition and a refined taste with a surprising amount of practical experience in the science and business of building. The volume is divided into two parts; the first, under Dr. Lambeth's name, treating of Jefferson's work as an architect; the second, by Mr. Manning, of his work as a landscape designer. The University of Virginia naturally furnishes the largest share of the work discussed, but Monticello and Jefferson's hand in the design of Farmington and Bruno (Virginia estates) receive proper attention. The many photographic prints are excellent, including facsimiles of manuscripts and sketches by Jefferson, as well as views of the buildings designed by him. The picture presented of Thomas Jefferson as a man of wonderful resource in widely varied fields is attractive, and is well supported by the evidence set forth by the authors.

"Home Furnishing" (Lane), by George Leland Hunter, is a very valuable book of its kind. It consists of chats, in a popular vein, about furniture, rugs, carpets, lamps, and other lighting fixtures, wall papers, window shades and draperies, potteries and tapestries. The author, who has been connected with a journal of the upholstery trade and who in recent years has qualified as an expert in tapestries, has the gift of talking very directly *ad hominem* or, and this is more important, *ad mulierem*. He knows the foolishness of many amateur home makers and the unscrupulousness of some purveyors to their needs and tastes. The story may or may not be apocryphal of the Kansas City woman who entered a New York furniture store to inquire where she should find Mr. Chippendale's shop and who, when informed that the gentleman had been dead some years, asked to be directed to Mr. Sheraton's; it at least illustrates the kind of public which exists for these books of household art. It is a fortunate home maker that gets so good a guide as Mr. Hunter, whose outlook on art is epitomized in this passage:

Art is a dangerous word. The ignorant use it too much; the cultivated use it too little. To describe anything as an art product introduces doubt into the mind of the connoisseur, so familiar are we with the art supplements of newspapers and magazines, and with art shops and the art departments of large stores. And the manufacturer who makes a bad copy of something good almost invariably tries to lift

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it from fake to fact by means of the prefix, art.

The information about present values of antiques sounds authentic even though the figures will soon be antiquated. The author, or proofreader, on page 213 passed the name of Mrs. Maria Longworth Stover, which, of course, should be Storer.

George Browne Post, architect, died on Friday at his home in Bernardsville, N. J. He was born in New York in 1837, and in 1858 received the degree of civil engineer from the School of Science of New York University. He studied architecture with the late Richard M. Hunt. For gallant service in the Civil War he was promoted to the rank of colonel. Some of the buildings designed by Mr. Post are the New York Cotton Exchange, New York Produce Exchange, New York Stock Exchange, College of the City of New York, Pulitzer building, the building of the Equitable Life Assurance Society that was burned in 1912, the buildings of the Prudential Life and Mutual Life Insurance Companies, in Newark, N. J.; the Wisconsin State Capitol, Cleveland Trust Company building, Cleveland, O., and the Manufactures and Liberal Arts buildings at the Chicago Exposition. Mr. Post was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1901 and won great distinction in this country.

Finance

THREE FACTORS IN THE OUTLOOK.

While business on the financial markets this past week was declining to almost negligible proportions, three considerations, each embodied in the actual incidents of the day, appeal to the financial mind as possibly having a significant bearing on the future. One was the Interstate Commerce Commission's hearing of the request of the Eastern railways for permission to raise their freight rates. Another was the advancing of the banking and currency bill to an important stage in its progress towards enactment. The third was the utter stagnation on the Stock Exchange itself, which raised the question, what, if anything, it foreshadowed in the field of general industry, the tendencies of which are so often indicated beforehand by the action of the speculative and investment market.

Of the railway-rate hearing, it may be said at once that the railways presented a strong *prima facie* case for higher rates. It was based on evidence that expenses have increased largely during the past few years, with no compensatory increase in price of the transportation which the railways sell. Part of this increase in expenses has been merely the railway's side of the phenomenon known to every one as the rising cost of living; part has been an absolute grant, by arbitration boards, of higher wages to railway employees. It has resulted, according to the railway evidence, in a stationary or declining net income, in the face of increasing gross receipts. The railways asked for an average advance of 5 per cent. in freight rates. The evidence yet to be heard may show that they are entitled to this, or to 10 per cent., or conceivably to none at all. But the point of paramount interest, in this hearing, is the policy which the Commission will announce in their findings. As matters stand, the railways are in the very trying position of seeing the price of what they have to buy move steadily up, while, unlike other industrial concerns, they are inhibited from making any advance in what they have to sell. The Interstate Commission, with whom the inhibitory authority is lodged, must now say what its attitude hereafter is to be, and the decision is of great importance to investors.

It has been argued, both that a banking and currency law will immensely help the financial situation, and that it will inject into that situation new and formidable perils. But, obviously, this depends on the character of the bill enacted. With many excellent qualities, the House bill contained many very serious defects. When the Senate committee engaged in thorough review of its provisions, with an eye to amendment, an outcry arose, in certain quarters, that the programme of enacting the law in the extra session which ended last Monday was being inexcusably blockaded. Fortunately, the committee did not listen to these angry criticisms, and the bill has already gone over to the winter session.

There are more reasons than one why this was fortunate. One of the strongest arguments for postponing the vote on the banking bill to the winter session was the obscurity thrown about it, alike by its opponents and by its defenders. The spokesmen for the bill were beginning to talk of the Money Trust coercing the Senate, of the criminal Stock Exchange, of the need for "teaching a lesson" to the bankers. But the hostile critics were going even further, reading irredeemable paper money into the unhappy bill, pointing to a monster, hitherto unknown to political economy, but now described by the interesting name of "fiat credit," and reminding us that if the bill is passed, the Presidential campaign of 1896 will have been fought in vain.

All of these high deliverances, whether from friends or enemies, have no really serious relation to the bill. They properly belong to the class of oratory or literature known as humor of the day. But what that other humorist, Sir John Falstaff, would have called their "damnable iteration," had some inevitable results in clouding the atmosphere. Open Senate debate being now assured, there is prospect of a little fresh air in the controversy. In Congress itself, the danger was not so much that these eccentric views of the pending questions would of themselves influence the vote of either house, as that the directing of attention to such imaginary flaws in the bill might serve the highly undesirable purpose of diverting attention from other points where thorough consideration and intelligent amendment are required.

Whether the lapse in Stock Exchange activity, last week, to the smallest daily total of sales in twenty-five years, does or does not mean a similar contraction in the volume of general business to small dimensions, is doubtless open to discussion. But even if the general scope of this forecast were to be admitted—and the present tendency of the steel trade is at least in that direction—it would require a somewhat daring inference to suppose that volume of trade would have to come down to that of 1888. Analogies do not present themselves in just that way. Our abnormally dull seasons on the Stock Exchange, in recent years, have frequently been accompanied or followed by dull times in trade; but the slackening in business never went to any such lengths as that in stocks and bonds.

It could not possibly do so. The familiar argument, that "business cannot stop moving when the needs of a hundred million American consumers have to be provided for," is not overwhelmingly convincing against trade reaction; but it certainly disposes of a possible decline in business operations to a tenth or a twentieth part of what they lately were. The truth of the matter is that the Stock Exchange is extravagant in its way of "reflecting things." Because daily sales of stocks in 1900 ranged below half a million shares, and rose to two or three millions in April, 1901, it was certainly not to be inferred that merchants and manufacturers in the later month were doing five or six times as much business as in the earlier period. Neither is any one likely to suppose that the country's trade is about to fall to one-tenth of what it was a few months ago, because the daily transactions on the Stock Exchange, which used to be half a million shares, got down one day of last week to fifty thousand.

It is not in this way that deductions are to be drawn from the stock market. A much more useful analogy may be found in the temper and attitude of the market. For three weeks past, all Wall Street has been insisting that Stock Exchange prices must decline. Everything that could break them, from a Mexican crisis to a half-page advertisement by Thomas W. Lawson, was hurled at it; but prices stood immovable. If worse things were to come in the financial world, it was clear that the market ought to break again; and yet it would not break. If the daily trading had been 500,000 shares instead of 50,000, it is probable that Wall Street would have

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gazed in wonderment at the amazing demonstration of strength.

What this may mean, so far as regards the future course of the Stock Exchange itself, is any man's conjecture. But what it may reasonably be taken to foreshadow, as regards the course of general trade in the immediate future, is that trade itself will presently be attracting comment because it holds up so surprisingly well. It will perhaps be said of general business, as it has been said with somewhat wearisome iteration of stock-market prices, that there is nothing to expect but for things to go from bad to worse. With each successive happening of an unfavorable nature, we shall hear that now, at last, the blow has fallen. But if Business, on a conservative basis of operations, thereupon listens calmly to the prophets of destruction, and goes about its own affairs without regard to them, it will fairly duplicate the stock market of the past week.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. Trans-Atlantic Historical Solidarity. Oxford Univ. Press.

Adams, Henry. Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.

Adcock, A. St. J. The Booklovers' London. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Ambler, Louis. The Old Halls and Manor-Houses of Yorkshire. Scribner.

Arnold, Hugh. Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France. Painted by L. B. Saint. Macmillan. $7 net.

Austen's Sense and Sensibility. Edited with notes by E. L. Miller. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. 25 cents.

Balleine, G. R. The Layman's History of the Church of England. Longmans. 50 cents net.

Barthou, Louis. Mirabeau: A Biography. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

Bellet, Daniel. La Nouvelle voie Maritime, le Canal de Panama. Paris: E. Guilmoto.

Bergström, Hjalmar. Karen Borneman; Lynggaard & Co.: Two Plays. Trans. from the Danish by Edwin Björkman. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Betty's Bungalow Doll-House: Kitchen and Bed Room; Living Room and Bed Room. Bungalow Book & Toy Co.

Bolton, H. E. Guide to Materials for the History of the United States in the Principal Archives of Mexico. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Book of Baby Pets. Illustrated by E. J. Detmold; descriptions by F. E. Dugdale Doran. $2.50 net.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Selections, with notes by M. H. Watson. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. 25 cents.

Brady, C. T. The Island of the Stairs. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Bragdon, Claude. A Primer of Higher Space. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press.

Brandl, Alois. Shakespeare and Germany: A Lecture. Oxford Univ. Press.

Brilioth, Börje. Grammar of the Dialect of Lorton (Cumberland) Publications of the Philological Society. Oxford Univ. Press.

Browne, F. F. The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln. New, revised edition. Chicago: Browne & Howell.

Browne, G. H. Elements of Figure Skating; Skating Primer; The New Skating; Handbook of Figure Skating (Fourth, revised edition). Springfield, Mass.: Barney & Berry.

Brown, F. H., and Rankin, H. A. Simple Pictorial Illustration. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

Bryant, A. B. A Jolly Jingle Book. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Cammack, Key. A Spartan Primer. Pictures by G. G. Drayton. Duffield.

Chavannes, Edouard. Les Documents Chinois Découverts par Aurel Stein. Oxford University Press.

Clegg's Directory of Booksellers. Rochdale, England: James Clegg.

Cochran, Jerome. General Specifications for Concrete and Reinforced Concrete. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Coester, Robert. Verwaltung und Demokratie in den Staaten von Nordamerika. München: Duncker & Humblot.

Collection of Short Stories, Edited by L. A. Pittenger. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. 25 cents.

Colles, H. C. The Growth of Music. Part II, The Age of the Sonata. Oxford University Press. 90 cents.

Colquhoun, Mrs. Archibald. The Vocation of Woman. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Commons, J. R. Labor and Administration. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Connelley, W. E. The Life of Preston B. Plumb, 1837-1891. Chicago: Browne & Howell. $3.50 net.

Cook, Edward. The Life of Florence Nightingale. Macmillan. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

Cotterill, H. B. Ancient Greece. Stokes. $2.50 net.

Cunnington, E. E. Lessons in Pawn Play. Dutton. 75 cents net.

Davenport, C. B. Heredity of Skin Color in Negro-White Crosses. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Davenport, H. J. The Economics of Enterprise. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

De Garmo, Charles. Principles of Secondary Education: A Text-Book. Vol. I. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Dodd, W. G. Courtly Love in Chaucer and Gower. Harvard Studies in English, Vol. I. Boston: Ginn. $2.

Dreiser, Theodore. A Traveler at Forty. Century Co. $1.80 net.

Dunbar, P. L. Complete Poems. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.

Evans, F. W. The Ride Home: Poems, with The Marriage of Guineth: A Play in One Act. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Exner, A. H. Japan As I Saw It. Stokes.

Facsimiles of Twelve Early English Manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Oxford Univ. Press.

Fairless, Michael. The Gathering of Brother Hilarius. Illustrations by E. F. Brickdale. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Fairy Book. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by Warwick Goble. Macmillan. $4 net.

Fankhauser, W. C. A Financial History of California. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Farnsworth, H. W. The Log of a Would-be War Correspondent. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Finley, J. P., and Churchill, W. The Subanu: Studies of a Sub-Visayan Mountain Folk of Mindanao. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Firman, A. F. A Woman's Hope. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net

Fiske, B. A. War Time in Manila. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Fiske, G. H. Studies in the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon. Boston: Luce & Co.

Ford, W. B., and Ammerman, C. Plane and Solid Geometry. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. Italian Yesterdays. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $6 net.

Fromentin, Eugène. The Masters of Past Time. Translated from the French. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Giffen, Robert. Statistics. Edited with introduction by Henry Higgs and G. U. Yule. Macmillan. $3 net.

Giacosa, Giuseppe. The Stronger; Like Falling Leaves; Sacred Ground: Three plays. Trans. from the Italian by E. and A. Updegraff. (Modern Drama Series.) Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Goldstein, Jacob. Twenty Years in State's Prison: The Case of Alfred Schwitofsky. Brooklyn: The Author. 75 cents.

Granger, A. H. Charles Follen McKim. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.

Griggs, E. H. The Philosophy of Art. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

Hall, A. Neely. The Handy Boy. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.60 net.

Hardt, Ernst. Tristram the Jester. Translated from the German by John Heard, jr. Boston: Badger.

Hollingworth, H. L. Advertising and Selling. D. Appleton. $2 net.

Holm, N. S. The Runner's Bible. San Francisco: John Howell.

Howell, A. G. F. S. Bernardino of Siena. Methuen.

Hunt, H. A. Solos for Christian Science Services. Boston: Ditson. $1.

Hunt, T. F., and Burkett, C. W. Soils and Crops. Orange Judd Co.

Hyslop, J. H. Psychical Research and Survival. Macmillan. $1 net.

Ibsen's Peer Gynt. Trans. by R. Ellis Roberts. (Modern Drama Series) Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Japan. Thirty-eighth Annual Report of the Minister of State for Education for 1910-1911. Tokio.

John Martin's Book, November issue. John Martin's House. 25 cents.

Johnson, Martin. Through the South Seas with Jack London. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.

Kauffman, R. W. The Spider's Web. Moffat, Yard.

Kelly, J. F. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Oxford Univ. Press.

Kingsley, Charles. The Heroes. Edited, with notes, by Cyril Mayne. Oxford Univ. Press.

Knoop, Freda de. The Bible Story and its Teaching for Children. Dutton. $2.50 net.

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Merington, Marguerite. Festival Plays. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Meyr, Melchior. Ludwig und Annemarie. Edited with notes by F. G. G. Schmidt. Oxford Univ. Press. 60 cents.

Morris, William. Collected Works. Vols. XVII to XX incl. Longmans.

Murray, H. J. R. A History of Chess. Oxford University Press.

Narratives of the Indian Wars, 1675-1699. (Original Narratives of Early American History.) Scribner. $3 net.

Nearing, Scott. Financing the Wage-Earner's Family. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Nukariya, Kaiten. The Religion of the Samurai. London: Luzac.

Okakura-Yoshisaburo. The Life and Thought of Japan. Dutton. $1.25 net.

O'Neill, Elizabeth. The Story of the World. Illustrated in color. Putnam.

Osborne, Duffield. The Authors Club: An Historical Sketch. Knickerbocker Press.

Oxford Historical and Literary Studies. 3 vols. Oxford University Press.

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Palmer, John. The Comedy of Manners. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Parker, David W. Guide to the Materials for United States History in Canadian Archives. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Raabe, Wilhelm. Die schwarze Galeere. Edited with notes by C. A. Williams. Oxford University Press. 60 cents.

Reisner, C. F. Church Publicity. Methodist Book Concern. $1.50 net.

Richards, H. E. The Panama Canal Controversy: A Picture. Oxford University Press.

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Robbins, C. H. The Gam: Whaling Stories Revised edition. Salem, Mass.: Newcomb & Gauss.
Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. The Boy with the U. S. Indians. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Sage, J. H., and others. The Birds of Connecticut. Bulletin 20, State Geological and Natural History Survey. Hartford, Conn.
Sanday, W. The Primitive Church and Reunion. Oxford University Press.
Sardou, Victorien. Les Femmes Fortes. Edited by A. C. McMaster and F. B. Barton. Oxford University Press. 60 cents.
Schurz, Carl. Lebenserinnerungen bis zum Jahre 1850. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
Sedgefield, W. J. Beowulf. Second edition, revised. Longmans. $3 net.
Select Early English Poems. Edited by I. Gollancz. I. Patience. Oxford University Press.
Servia, Heroic Ballads, translated into English verse by G. R. Noyes and Leonard Bacon. Boston: Sherman, French.
Shakespeare's Tragedie of Cymbeline. New Variorum Edition. Phila.: Lippincott.
Shaw, C. G. The Ego and Its Place in the World. Macmillan. $3.75 net.
Shorthand Instructor. Centenary Edition. Isaac Pitman & Sons.
Sipma, P. Phonology and Grammar of Modern West Frisian. Pub. of the Philological Society. Oxford University Press.
Stalker, James. How to Read Shakespeare. Doran. $1.50 net.
Stead, Estelle W. My Father: Reminiscences of W. T. Stead. Doran. $2.50 net.
Stern, A. K. Fairy Quackenbose. Phila.: Brown Bros. $1 net.
Stern's Die Wiedertäufer. Edited with notes by F. B. Sturm. Boston: Heath. 40 cents.
Stories from Aunt Judy. Illustrated by E. F. Everett. Macmillan. $1 net.
Storm, Theodor. Psyche. Edited with notes by E. Eiserhardt and R. W. Pettengill. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.
Strachey, Amabel. The Sea Power of England: A Play. Oxford University Press.
Strindberg, August. On the Seaboard. Translated by E. C. Westergren. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.50 net.
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Tancock, E. O. The Elements of Descriptive Astronomy. Oxford University Press.
Taylor, W. G. L. The Credit System. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
This Year's Book for Boys. Doran. $1.50 net.
Ticknor, Caroline. Hawthorne and His Publisher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Ure, P. N. Black Glaze Pottery from Rhitsona in Boeotia. Oxford University Press.
Wekerlin, J.-B. Bergerettes, Romances and Songs of the Eighteenth Century. Boston: Ditson.
Weller, C. H. Athens and Its Monuments. Macmillan. $4 net.
Weston, J. L. The Quest of the Holy Grail. Macmillan. $1 net.
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Williamson, J. A. Maritime Enterprise, 1485-1558. Oxford University Press.
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Willy, Colette. Barks and Purrs. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.
Woodruff, H. S. Really Truly Nature Stories. Doran. $1 net.
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Wordsworth's Poems. (World's Classics.) Oxford Univ. Press.
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